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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Prose and Rhythm

—and the style of the author of "Waverley" (if he comes fairly into this discussion) as mere style, is villainous. It is pretty plain he is a poet; for the sound of names runs mechanically in his ears, and he rings the changes unconsciously on the same words in a sentence, like the same rhymes in a couplet.

—Hazlitt "On the Prose Style of Poets."

THAT is a large and handsome statement of William Hazlitt's, and considerably open to argument; especially in his proceeding from the particular to the general in the implication of the words "It is pretty plain he is a poet." Much evidence could be adduced to prove, *au contraire*, that the *best* prose has been written by poets. Not always, by any manner of means; but the poet has been accustomed to weigh each single word with a concentration less evident in the purely prose writer. This should balance the fact that, in certain instances, rhythmic beat does certainly get the best of poets when they essay what has been called the more pedestrian vehicle. But how large a question it all is! How varied are the effects to be obtained in prose through the natural rhythms that sentences assume in quiet description, under stress of dramatic urgency, and so on. We can furnish an example, however, of what to avoid. Glancing at a copy of *The New English Weekly* the other day we chanced upon this ending of a story by one, to judge by his name, a foreigner or of foreign extraction:

> She kissed his ears and pressed herself close against him. From the distance the roar of an angry bear shook the quiet mountain air. Caressed by the scents of the summer nights, they gently fell asleep.

Thus ends the rather satirical tale of an actual caveman. But quite aside from the matter of the story, the rhythm of those last lines is singular in the extreme. For, consider: Te-dum-te-dum!

> From the distance the roar of an angry bear
> Shook the quiet mountain air.
> Caressed by the scents of the summer nights,
> They gently fell asleep.

Here is the rhythm neither of good verse nor of good prose. It is a bastard rhythm, jarring the printed line. The proper march of good prose, whether slow or quick, avoids such aberrations. There is need of as shrewd an ear for

(*Continued on page* 76)

Briar Thorn

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

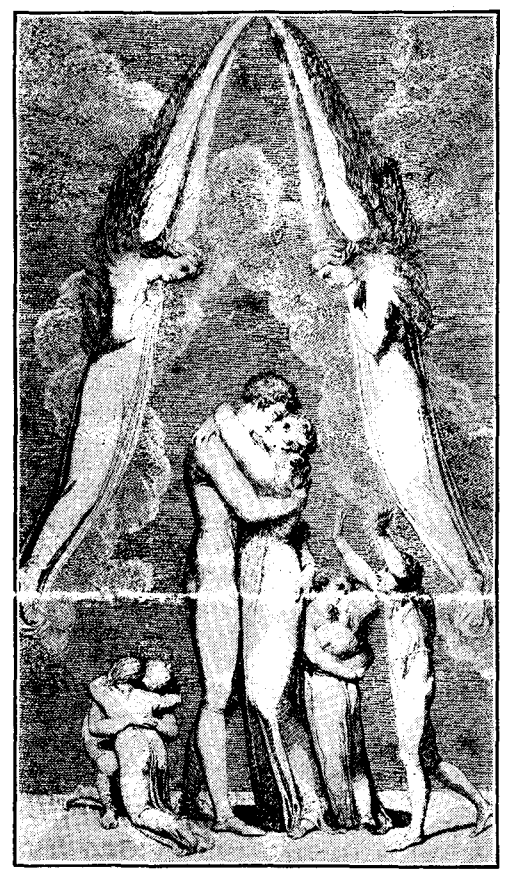
THE seed of this inevitable thorn
Lay deep past change a million times December
Before you or your farthest kin were born:
The sowers forgot—therefore you must remember;
They sowed unthinking; this harsh net stands high
And hides your sun a little and your sky.

So reap this briar where you thought to gather
Flower and fruit to keep . . . and for your guerdon
Have at the end, for pride, at the last hour,
That you have borne this sharp and useless burden
Of withered stalks, as though it were a flower.

Immortality

By L. P. JACKS

IN his admirable book, "The Issues of Immortality*," Mr. Corliss Lamont has rendered a service in keeping the doctrine of immortality as understood by the plain man, and as taught by the Catholic Church, the Fundamentalists, and the Spiritualists, quite distinct from the various substitute doctrines that have been offered under the same name by philosophers and others. These latter doctrines may or may not be true, but they have little to do with what the plain man means when he raises the question of his immortality, or what the Catholics, Fundamentalists, and Spiritualists mean when they answer his question in the affirmative. His question "am I immortal?" means simply this: "Shall I survive the article of death in the same sense that I come to myself after the 'dead' sleep of the night, or the 'dead' unconsciousness produced by a blow on the head or an anesthetic? Is death no more than an interruption or temporary shock in my continuous existence as John Smith, analogous to that caused by the sleep, the blow, or the anesthetic? *Do I, in short, awake after death?*"



A FAMILY REUNITED IN HEAVEN.
By William Blake.

William Blake's lovely drawing of a family reunited in heaven, reproduced as a frontispiece of the book, shows at a glance what the plain man means and the kind of answer he hopes for. The picture, which gives an admirable key to Mr. Lamont's argument, deserves study for its meaning as well as for its beauty. Not all families, of course, desire to be reunited in heaven, some having had enough of each other's company in this world. But even the most incompatible of husbands and wives, and the children who have come to hate one another in disputes over their parents' wills, would not object to be reunited in the manner depicted by Blake. The children, restored to the joy and innocence of childhood, are locked in each other's arms, and the parents (the man scantily clad, the woman thinly draped) are back at the moment, in the glory of youth, when mutual love first declared itself. As depicted by Blake the two figures clearly suggest—the implication cannot be avoided—that sex, its emotions, and its consequences in children yet to come have not been obliterated by the shock of death, either in the man or the woman. The plain man's thoughts may indeed clothe themselves in different imagery, but something equally concrete is what he has in mind when he raises the question "Am I immortal," and something equally concrete is what he is promised by believers in the resurrection of the body, whether that body be thought of as his earthly body reconstituted, or as a new creation. To answer his question by telling him that he is immortal in some other sense, as those philosophers do who equate immortality with an eternal life attainable any moment by Spinozistic meditations, is to offer him a stone when he asks for bread and to deny him immortality in the only meaning the word has for him.

Indeed in the only meaning it has for anybody, according to Mr. Lamont. It is at once the merit and the main contention of the book that the conception of life, however it may be "spiritualized," is *impossible* except in connection with body as its form, vehicle, or instrument. Even the attainment of eternal life in the "here and now," which Platonizing philosophers substitute for the immortality of the plain man (much to his disappointment) is the achievement of embodied man in every authentic instance recorded of it, and (when one comes to reflect) impossible otherwise; those who take that mystical line of thought not always perceiving that the emphasis they lay on the "here and now" of immortality is really an emphasis laid on the body and an injunction to make use of it while it is "here and now" for the purpose. "Do not think of immortality," they say in effect, "as awaiting you hereafter in some imaginary condition of disembodiment. Think of it as attainable here and now by mental and spiritual exercises which your present body renders possible." This aspect of the matter becomes yet more apparent when emphasis is laid on the suppression of the body as one of the spiritual exercises in question; for this is only another way of emphasizing the importance, for eternal life as they conceive it, of having a body to suppress. In this connection Mr. Lamont has been highly successful in showing that even the extreme Platonizers, who regard the soul as immeasurably superior to the body, are driven by their own logic to the Aristotelian doctrine that soul and body are inseparably one.

If it is hard for extreme Platonists—"soul-men" we might call them—to get away from the body in their handling of this theme, it is still harder for those who take a less extreme position. Among modernists in particular Mr. Lamont detects a marked tendency to play fast and loose

(*Continued on next page*)

* THE ISSUES OF IMMORTALITY. By CORLISS LAMONT. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1932. $1.50.

Hot from the Griddle

BEVERIDGE AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA. By CLAUDE G. BOWERS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

A GOOD biography generally should be written only in perspective. Ten years after the man dies should be the minimum time for the perspective. In that time relatives die, ardent champions and intimate enemies cool off, and about a man truth begins to emerge.

But Claude Bowers, who has written a biography of Albert Beveridge, has given his volume a subtitle indicating that it is also the story of the Progressive era. That movement died in 1914 and was buried without benefit of clergy by Theodore Roosevelt in 1916. Beveridge survived ten years and more, but only as a ghost in politics although he lived to write two important books, one of which may be reasonably called great, and as an author he was reincarnated after the death of the Progressive party.

So this biography of Beveridge is important chiefly as Beveridge is one of the dramatized leaders of the Progressive movement. It was a lusty, sturdy, forthright movement, begotten of Bryanism and the Populists during the Harrison-Cleveland régime. Bryan and the Populists were begotten of the Greenbackers and Grangers of the 'seventies. The Greenbackers and Grangers were largely agrarian and they thrived in the 'seventies in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. In the 'eighties and 'nineties the Greenbackers crossed the Mississippi and flourished from the Mississippi to the mountains. Moreover the Populists went south of the Ohio and made it easy for Bryan to take the southern and western Democracy into his camp in 1896 and lead an agrarian movement in his party for twenty years.

When Roosevelt came along after the Spanish-American War he took Bryan's cause, gave it a Harvard accent and an Eastern clientèle. Roosevelt made it a distinctly middle class movement. The tenant farmer and the city proletariat were not greatly interested in the insurgent movement. Its respectability aroused the suspicious animosity of the really underprivileged classes of America. Roosevelt had no notion of upsetting the capitalistic system. He wished to improve it, that it might become more firmly established. The Progressive movement began

This Week

"A NEW DEAL."
Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING.
"THE ROAD TO THE LAW."
Reviewed by STODDARD COLBY.
"THROUGH THE HAWSE-HOLE."
Reviewed by AUSTIN STRONG.
"THE YEARS OF PEACE."
Reviwed by JOHN I. FREDERICK.
"THE BURNING BUSH."
Reviewed by PHILLIPS CARLETON.
"BETWEEN WHITE AND RED."
Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL.
HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Next Week, or Later

VAN LOON'S "GEOGRAPHY."
Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON.

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as a political insurgency, as a revolt in Congress against the machines and machine leaders in the two houses of Congress. The insurgent leaders of the first half of the first decade of this century had no distinct economic program. They were men who saw certain obvious injustices, social, economic, and political, they tried to use government as an instrument of human welfare in curing those injustices.

When the leaders tried to use government as an instrument of human welfare they found the federal government and

ALBERT BEVERIDGE.

most of the state governments in the control of a rather dull plutocracy, which maintained its servants in the halls of Congress and in high offices at strategic points in the government. It became necessary for those who were fighting for what they deemed justice in Congress and in the cities and the states to overthrow [illegible]al control. Overthrowing politol was called insurgency. Thus, [illegible]gton there were insurgent Sen[illegible] insurgent congressmen; the insurgent Senators battling with Senator Aldrich, the insurgent congressmen grappling with Speaker Joe Cannon. Cannon and Aldrich were the leaders of plutocratic control of parliamentary government.

During the first three years in the White House President Roosevelt was restive but he did not give battle to the machine until he was elected a president in his own right. In the meantime Albert Beveridge, a young Senator from Indiana, elected as a regular Republican, who had the friendship and support of George Perkins and the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, had appeared in the Senate full of the high ideals and lofty notions of a reformer. Beveridge certainly was a reformer in the first years of his senatorial career rather than a Progressive. That is to say he meant to tinker with the machinery of government and repair it and readjust it and would have removed the dirt from the economic order rather than junk the machine, and change the economic order as the Progressives later were inclined to do, even though they wished to maintain intact the capitalistic system.

Claude Bowers in this book has made a splendid picture of Albert Beveridge as the first Republican Jack the Giant Killer in the Senate. The picture is a true one, even though Beveridge was like the boy on the burning deck in those first years of his insurgency, with the noble brow of a Rollo book hero. Beveridge began his Senatorial career as an imperialist, a defender of the manifest destiny of America in the Orient, in Cuba, in Hawaii, in Porto Rico. He was a man of exceptional ability. His generation did not produce an abler Senator, and he had an assurance which passed for vanity that was a handicap to him in his earlier contacts with the Senate. No man was really humbler than Albert Beveridge; but no one seemed more conceited to the casual acquaintance. What passed for egotism was his sure knowledge of his own position, reached after earnest study. His cocksureness was only a veneer. He liked people but he patronized them. He was affectionate and headstrong. He called people by their first names on short acquaintance, yet rarely let his affections lead him from his convictions. He was a brash and modest man. Looking back at Beveridge those who knew him best and loved him most feel today that no such man could have existed. Dickens must have made him, or else we dreamed him. Claude Bowers has painted the man of contradictions in the biography.

In writing the story of the Progressive movement Mr. Bowers has not trusted to his memory. The work shows a tremendous amount of research and the author's access to the letters of Beveridge, George Perkins, and Roosevelt has given him material for a story of the Progressive movement which reveals for the first time many curious and baffling incidents which contemporary writers, that is to say, reporters and editors, could not explain.

Only in the first part of the book does one ask for details that are missing. But after that Mr. Bowers deals with realities. He does not whitewash, and while he is never cruel to his hero, never is he merely smart and malicious. Also he is never sparing where the truth is needed.

Immortality

(*Continued from page 73*)

with the conception of "immortality here and now" which the plain man finds so disappointing, and the conception indicated by Blake's picture, which is what the plain man has set his heart on. They give him the benefit of both conceptions without facing the implications of either. When faced by the difficulties of immortality after the Blake-picture type, in which the body figures conspicuously, they retreat to the "here and now" immortality of the Spinoza, Von Hügel, and Dean Inge type, in which these difficulties though present are concealed. When, on the other hand, they find the plain man completely nonplussed by the idea of immortality as an affair of mystical insight into the present moment, they console him by a little Blake-and-water judiciously administered. But in spite of these goings to and fro between the conception which satisfies the plain man and the conception which disappoints him (and which he can hardly understand) it is the Blake-picture type that really holds them, and from which they cannot escape. In this respect Kant, Von Hügel, Professor McDougall, Dr. Fosdick, and Dr. Adams Brown are all in the same boat. With Kant, for example, immortality is demanded by Practical Reason in order that goodness and happiness may be finally joined together in harmony, as plainly they are not in this world.

Mr. Lamont, if I understand him aright, does not question the soundness of this reasoning, and certainly I would not question it myself. But he does something more important by calling attention to its "implications." How, in the absence of a body, can goodness and happiness be brought into accord? What, in the absence of a body, is the meaning of doing good or being good; and what is the meaning of being happy? Is any way conceivable of being either one or the other, or both at the same time, in which the body plays no part? Kant, in laying down these propositions, was certainly more of a Blake-picture man and less of a pure "soul-man" than he knew or, at least, than he cared to avow. Dr. William Adams Brown comes still nearer to Blake's picture. "Life then as now," he says, "will be one of progress. There will be new lessons to be learned, new battles to be fought, new experiences to be gained, new services to be rendered"—which is only another way of saying "there will be ignorance to overcome, enemies to resist, passions to govern, errors to be outgrown, weakness to need making strong." From all which the way is not far to Blake's picture exactly as it stands. Disembodied spirits would be quite incapable of the activities outlined by Dr. Brown, or indeed of any activity, while the figures in Blake's picture would be just the kind of people needed to carry out his program —the children just the kind likely to grow "in knowledge and character," as he anticipates, and the parents just the kind to have more children of the same quality and to bring them up in the progressive way. In point of fact neither Dr. Brown nor Dr. Fosdick have any need for the immortality of "here and now." They have committed themselves too far in the direction of Blake's picture for that to be necessary. Presentations of the "here and now" conception will only bring discontent and bewilderment to those whose hopes they have raised.

Very interesting also are Mr. Lamont's comments on the "futility argument" which bases immortality, first, on the fact that our brief, death-ended life leaves all our best possibilities unfulfilled and, second, on the more disconcerting fact that the extinction of the race millions of years hence will involve the extinction of all values and turn the history of man into a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. This frustration, they argue, is inconceivable in a rational universe. So it may be: but observe the cost at which relief from it is purchased. For, if it be true that endless time is needed to enable man to fulfil his possibilities, it would seem to follow that little importance can be attached to such fulfilment of them as he is able to accomplish in the insignificant span represented by his earthly life. Viewed in the perspective of what eternity holds in store for them, the achievements on earth of Shakespeare or Lincoln would shrink almost to nothing and be hardly distinguishable from those of the least worthy of mankind. Would there be any point in making a fuss about what our great men have been aand done? Would not Washington's monument seem much too high and Grant's tomb an absurd waste of good money? Would not our whole terrestrial history take on the utter insignificance which Dante saw when he looked down on earth from the circles of heaven and found it "a thing of mean countenance"? And would not the shrinking of time values in presence of eternity be very awkward for these modernists who are urging us to a life of human service?

At this point a question occurs which reveals an "implication" Mr. Lamont does not appear to have noted. Let us assume that immortality, as Dr. Adams Brown believes in it, is a fact—that death is in very truth the portal through which we pass to a life of "progress" in the hereafter. *What, then, does it matter whether you and I believe in immortality or not?* Suppose we disbelieve it; in that case, assuming Dr. Brown to be right, we are making a mistake. But in a few years we shall discover the mistake; our error will be corrected; any harm it may have done us while life's brief candle was burning will undo itself; we shall make a new start and in the endless "progress" ahead of us our shortlived blunder will count for nothing at all. Indeed, I hope it is not irreverent to say that, for the disbeliever in immortality, survival will turn out a much more interesting affair than for the believer. He will have the joy of a surprise, and if his sense of humor survives with him (as in any sane view of survival it should), he will find the situation intensely amusing.

On the whole it is difficult to understand why believers in immortality (among whom I would rank myself) should be so much concerned with the disbelief of their fellow men, and one can hardly avoid the suspicion at times that many of their arguments, ostensibly addressed to the doubts of others, are really intended to allay their own. It would certainly be a mistake to measure the amount of this belief existing in the world by the number of books that have been written in defence of immortality, or the amount of disbelief by the number of books written to discredit the belief. We are here in presence of something elemental, an impulse of the *élan vital* which animates the universe, and it may well be doubted whether either side of the controversy are saying, or able to say, what they really mean. In such a case speech and meaning are apt to be inversely proportional, the more said, the less meant, and perhaps we should be wise to confront the question in the silence recommended by Carlyle: "There shall be a silence in thee, deeper than yonder sea, which is only ten miles deep, a silence unfathomable, known to God only." Certain it is that many convinced believers in immortality find silence about the matter much more congenial than speech. For "the highest cannot be spoken," and there is no reason, beyond the love of hearing our own voices, why we should attempt to speak it. Facts so stupendous as God, Freedom, and Immortality—assuming them to be facts—can hardly be dependent on human argument for their effectiveness. In the long run they will be found to stand no nonsense from anybody and may be safely trusted to assert themselves triumphantly against all attempts to argue them out of existence. By arguing so vehemently in their defense, do we not betray a lurking doubt in our own minds as to whether they are facts at all?

All the same Mr. Lamont is far from having wasted his effort which, however, takes the form of criticism rather than defense. As I have said, he criticizes the "immortalists" with a purpose, that, namely, of bringing to light the Aristotelian conception of mind and body as *inseparably one*, and so putting an end to the intolerable nonsense that is current about "disembodied spirits," on the one hand, and "purely material bodies," on the other—both of them meaningless abstractions which have been made to walk on legs by philosophies gone abstraction-mad. Incidentally, he seems to be challenging the immortalists to make good their belief on that ground—the ground of mind and body as an indivisible unity. No doctrine is more important nor more likely to have beneficial results on the whole character of our civilization, if only the leaders of thought and the public generally can be brought to understand and accept it.

But this Mr. Lamont will find immensely difficult. For it so happens that the whole system of education by which the mental habits of the modern world have been formed is based and built up on the opposite assumption that mind and body are two distinct things. The habit of so regarding them is firm-fixed, while the idea of them as an inseparable unity, which would be clear as daylight to an educated Greek, serves only to make the modern man scratch his head and wonder what the devil it means. Argue with him as you may, he still goes on thinking, thanks to the habit of mind engendered by his education, of his living body *as a corpse with a soul (or mind) inside it*, of his life on earth as the period during which his soul tenants his corpse, and of his death as the moment when soul quits corpse (or gets extinguished) and leaves it to the worms.

A wise man has been defined as one who knows not the difference between his mind and his body and cannot tell you which is which—a point which the behaviorists, though at times they get very near it, have missed. What is needed to put religious philosophy and morals on a sounder basis is to place wise men, for whom mind and body are a living whole, in charge of the education of the rising generation. It will not be done by argument nor by piling up apologetics in favor of God, Freedom, and Immortality. A system of education addressed neither to the mind nor to the body alone, but to both in their inseparable unity; which trains the young from the start to think *with their whole bodies*—like that of the Greeks—in place of that which teaches them to think with their minds alone, and to think falsely in consequence; based on the principle that the liberal education of the mind is impossible unless it includes the liberal education of the body, and the liberal education of the body impossible unless it includes the liberal education of the mind—such an education once effectively established would presently put the "problem" of Immortality, along with the "problems" of God and Freedom on a footing where sane belief becomes at least possible. But that will not be so long as we continue to think that the difference between a living man and a dead one is that the first has a soul inside him and the second has not.

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Out of the Shuffle

A NEW DEAL. By STUART CHASE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

WHAT will happen? What lies ahead for all of us? Is the old America gone forever? Is the promise of American life irretrievably broken? Is the depression a mere passing phase from which we shall emerge as we always have? Will there be revolution in these United States?

Such questions are being asked from Eastport to San Diego, wherever two or three are gathered together in hope or apprehension, as America nears the third anniversary of that fatal October day which wrote finis to the turbulent 'twenties.

Stuart Chase, who for some years has been casting a coolly appraising eye on the scene, now adds his bit to the swelling autopsical literature. He begins by asking "what is an economic system for?" It is a fair question—and pertinent. Under our system Mr. Chase lists sixteen ways of getting rich: (1) Creating an artificial monopoly; (2) tying up a patent or secret process; (3) usurious practices (within the law); (4) manufacturing a useless, adulterated, or even vicious product; (5) akin to the preceding, forcing a high price and big sale for an unimportant product; (6) creating new fashions or fads; (7) promoting dubious stocks and bonds; (8) speculating in securities; (9) speculating in natural resources; (10) speculating in commodities; (11) promoting parasitic industries (such as factories in a region where child labor constitutes the profit margin); (12) graft in politics; (13) graft in business (see book of that title by John T. Flynn); (14) racketeering (obviously illegal), but how does it differ, asks Chase, save for legal technicalities, from the rest: "I do not see why one's conscience should not be as clear protecting beer runners . . . as selling the bonds of an about to be defunct government of Peru or putting over the horrors of Athlete's foot on a defenseless public." Dumping surplus production abroad; (16) rushing blindly in to compete when excess capacity already threatens industry, viz. gasolene stations, of which 71% are unnecessary, involving an annual waste of half a billion dollars.

Pointing to the obviously anti-social nature of this "whole vicious pecuniary complex" Mr. Chase riddles the assumption that in playing this kind of a game one is somehow contriving to grease the wheels of industry and to serve a social purpose. It is this system which has exalted the worst side of human nature—greed and acquisitiveness! "What has hitherto been called a vice, and what you and I know *is* a vice, was rationalized into a virtue. Money became a moral force, and the whole Western world was forced to substitute pecuniary standards for human ones." And he pays his respects to the pharisees who sought to prove that Jesus himself was a hustling entrepreneur.

Becoming graphic, Mr. Chase droops his eyelids over penetrating optics and sees our once fair land "a gigantic hopper, engulfing virgin forests, rich soils, coal seams, pools of petroleum . . . to spew out after prodigious labor, billboards, tabloids, jerry-built apartment houses, confession magazines, Coney Island, half-rented sky-scrapers, squeaking radios, paper boots, filling stations, brown derbies. . . ." For this *illth* our children must pay e'en to the fourth generation.

Mr. Chase gives a thrilling newsreel of how and why the whole gaudy edifice collapsed . . . it was cracking while political leaders were prophesying the abolition of poverty, and scribes were lyricizing the "American Omen." Properly, he recalls his own animadversions—his 1928 publication "Prosperity: Fact or Myth." Though we have entered into the economy of abundance its practical effects "must be confined to certain classes in certain periods called 'prosperity'" unless the distribution, the consumption, problem is solved. Too much money in the upper brackets and not enough in the lower helped to bring on this depression. And now warehouses bulge and children cry for food.

Well, Mr. Chase is emphatic that our laissez-faire capitalism with its insecurity has outlived its usefulness and that its epoch is ended. Yet no one could be more cheerful about it than he. He forsees more and more collectivism with planning from the top. Already he sees the terms of a new deal beginning to emerge—an economic system that will permit us to *live*.

But not with our late, and still vocal, colossi, shuffling the deck. Our business men and politicians have failed us. The current programs of the elder statesmen are without light, hope, intelligence, or imagination. The same cultural laggards who got us in are presuming to extract us from the mire, promising to get us back on the old road. It will not do. The new road leads to the left. Two of its sharp forks leading toward red revolution and communism, or to the dictatorship of fascism, Mr. Chase rejects as most unlikely for America. There is however a gradual left turn on the road we have always travelled. Mr. Chase illustrates from our recent war performance: Our soldiers fighting in France had to be fed, clothed. They paid no money for these supplies, but received them in exchange for work they had agreed to do. A whole people fighting on the economic front under a General Staff has essentially the same physical problem. In exchange for useful work the necessities must be provided; in place of weapons the luxuries. And so stated it is not a financial or political, but an engineering problem. It is a technocracy which Mr. Chase envisages—though that is not his expression. His immediate program includes a managed currency, drastic redistribution of national income through income and inheritance taxes, and a huge program of public works.

It is an exciting book, vibrant with fine fervor, yet well equilibrated on a sound base of common sense. Unlike Lawrence Dennis's "Is Capitalism Doomed"—the most dynamic and creative work on the depression—"A New Deal" has not brought to light anything new or profound, but it is an admirable exposition of our dilemma and a synthesis of the most enlightened contemporary thought with Chase's own philosophy. Free from doctrine or dogma, the conclusion, it is interesting to note, coincides with Norman Thomas's as expounded in his "The Way Out; A Program for Democracy."

The weakest point, in Chase's book, deals with the steps for realizing his program—the answer which he offers to the many who are asking: "What can we do individually or collectively to assist such progress?" He offers three courses of action. "Agitate and educate"; join the League for Independent Political Action and try to form a new political party; organize the intelligent in each community as shock troops to solve local problems, and to unite with similar groups to attack larger problems. Alas, the road to the left which we have been invited to follow seems to begin at the other end of a beautiful rainbow!

Still, the advice is not wholly theoretical. Only recently Mr. Shlink and Mr. Chase established "Consumer's Research" a non-profit making organization, membership costing but $2 a year, designed to liquidate "the new illiteracy"—the Lynds' phrase for describing the ignorance of the consumer—and enable him in the face of high pressure salesmanship to get his money's worth in the modern market. The organization has already secured, without commercial promotion, 40,000, members. At its present rate of growth it will have 100,000 in two years. Suppose, Mr. Chase asks, it should grow to a million.

Well, why not? Three years ago, extired radicals had long since taken jobs in advertising agencies. Today it's a very different America. With four more years of—whoever it may prove to be—Americans may begin again to think for themselves, to refurbish their long forgotten "e pluribus unum" and, mayhap, to act. As Mr. Chase asks in conclusion: "Why should Russians have all the fun of remaking the world?"

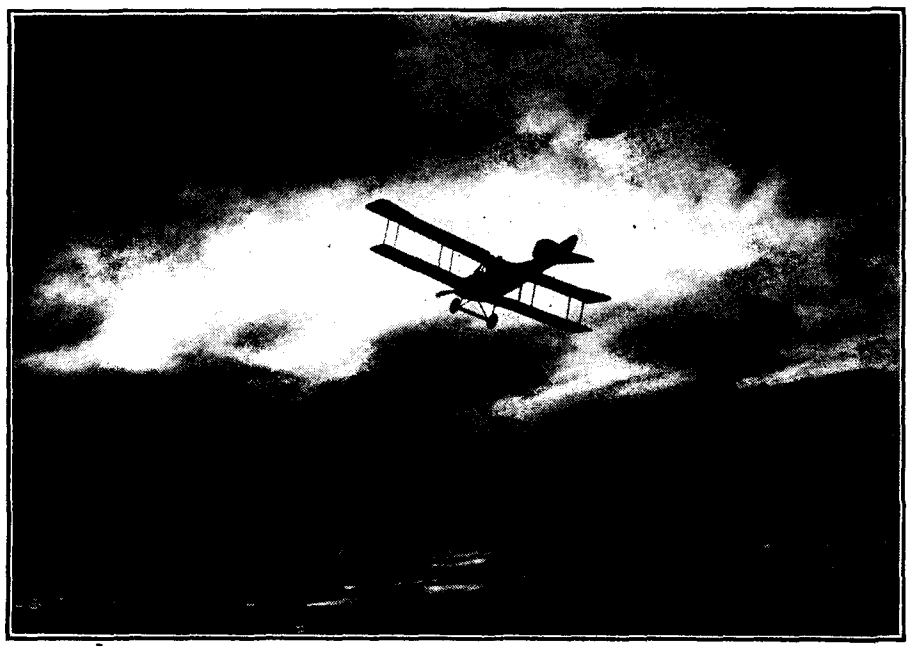

ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE BEAUTY OF FLIGHT" (DAY).

Law for the Layman

THE ROAD TO THE LAW. By DUDLEY CAMMETT LUNT. New York: McGraw-Hill. 1932.

Reviewed by STODDARD COLBY

THE professional lawyer is seldom articulate about the law. Having rarely speculated about it, he has never quite digested it. For the most part he loves that intimate understanding of it that comes of having to explain any technical subject to the uninitiate. Mr. Lunt is the very rare exception. He translates without unbending; he repeats gracefully and delightfully. His little book is like a revelation and an object lesson to the professional lawyer. Into it he has passed a most unorthodox, illicit wealth of human interest. The facts of his cases and decisions, in flagrant disregard of the customary legal drone, fairly hum with action and drama. For his heresy professional lawyers will never forgive him; he has betrayed them into lucid English—his offense is great.

The seeds of Mr. Lunt's apostasy were first sown on reading Smith's Leading Cases as a young law student. At this impressionable age he conceived the idea that a similar collection of legal precedents, with accompanying commentaries, illustrative of the growth and fundamental principles of law might be compiled and presented to the layman in such a way as to be positively readable—in a word, that the old "carcase juris" might be made to look like a living human being. If he has not quite actually made it live, he has still made it a most fascinating and exciting corpse. Every device to make its pale luminosities seem mellow—from racy, picturesque recitals of the facts of leading cases to actual dialogue between the litigants—has been employed. So much so that the reader almost runs the risk of being more enthralled by Mr. Lunt's appealing characters than by the law. But these are all legitimate lures and accomplish Mr. Lunt's main purpose of painless education. Mr. Lunt is apparently one of those who, starting from the assumption that most of the age-old lay criticism and ridicule of law is based upon misconception or ignorance of its nature, tends to an assurance that if the layman can only be made to understand what the law is in any given point, he can be made to respect it. Whether this belief is naive; whether familiarity will prove a greater breeder of contempt than ignorance, the lay reader alone is judge. Certainly he cannot fail to understand the law as Mr. Lunt expounds it. His book is a straightforward, unpretentious, common sense exposition of legal principles and their development and growth. It does not pretend to analyze the nature of the judicial process or to account historically for the remote origin of legal ideas—but it presents very clearly to the lay reader certain peculiar twists of the legal mind—in other words the technique of the profession. The layman reading it must, I think, be impressed with the paucity of legal concepts that the English lawyer has to work with—the great, broad, flapping, contentless generalities of its principles such as "public convenience," "certainty," "the standard of prudence of the ordinary prudent man." He may even acquire a sneaking respect for the ingenuity with which the lawyer uses them.

Mr. Lunt presents the legal mind, I am bound to say, in its best light. He assumes that there is a conscious, common sense logical basis for every decision he discusses. Not much place is left for blind growth, psychological or social prejudice of judges, rationalization—in short for the great extra-logical ingredients of legal growth. The illustrations of legal reasoning that he has selected present, for the most part, unimpeachable common sense. While he cannot be accused of soft pedaling law's blind spots, he has refrained from throwing them into any very glaring relief. Though his picture of judicial rationale is both an oversimplification of its tortuous, lumbering process and somewhat of a euphemism, it must be remembered that Mr. Lunt's modest aim is only to acquaint the laymen with a few fundamental legal principles and to exhibit the legal technique of handling them. His book is decidedly refreshing.

The Ocean Overhead

A RABBIT IN THE AIR. By DAVID GARNETT. New York: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1932. $1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DAVID GARNETT'S novels are inimitable. The book before us is, however, not one of his novels but "Notes from a Diary Kept While Learning to Handle an Aeroplane." The Rabbit mentioned is Mr. Garnett himself, as he appeared to himself during a course of instruction. But he was not really timid, and he qualified. If you have read Mr. Garnett's book just prior to this, which was concerned with a long distance flight from England to China, you will previously have noted his intense interest in aviation.

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Garnett's style is good. And the naturalness of his diary is a delight. He makes no bones about his many mistakes. His triumph is that he gives one the very feel of the air in flying, smooth or rough, and one's complete identification with the student. Naturally, along with all the practical discussion of the actual flying of the machine—at first a Bluebird, then a Moth—there is particularly vivid description of "sightseeing" also.

This author is able to convey the variety of emotional experiences that come to the beginning flier. He also notes all the physical sensations. He is extremely modest concerning his own ability. He makes the reader partake, however, of all the thrills of the air. The difficulty of landings, the first soloing, his description of the crashing of another machine, which fortunately didn't hurt anyone, are all vividly set before us: On the hundredth page of this little book comes a positive pæan in praise of cavorting in the new element.

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A Whaling Master

THROUGH THE HAWSE-HOLE. The True Story of a Nantucket Whaling Captain. By FLORENCE BENNETT ANDERSON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by AUSTIN STRONG

NANTUCKET ISLAND lies on her side some thirty miles at sea with her knees drawn up to her chin, her broad back to the pounding of the Atlantic Ocean. Within the curve of her shoulder she holds the town protected from the four winds which "bawl and burst their cheeks in vain."

My feet were on the iron rail which encircled the pot-bellied, whitewashed stove. A wooden whale with a red mouth stared down at me with a rogue's eye, as it hung from the ceiling. On the walls were fastened boat steerers lances, ship sextants, parallel rulers, charts with thumb stains of whale grease, mahogany rods for measuring oil in barrels, and pictures of sailing ships, some painted long ago with painful accuracy by Chinese artists in Hong Kong. One grim relic hung on a bracket above the door, a harpoon twisted into a giant corkscrew by the death flurry of some agonized whale off French Rock, New Zealand. A daguerreotype group of Nantucket whaling masters, taken during a visit to New York in the spring of 1860 to inspect the Great Eastern, stared out into the room with stern, unrelenting faces.

We were sitting in the Captain's Room of the Pacific Club looking up the cobbled Square at the foot of Main Street. The elms made a cathedral aisle leading to the steps of the Pacific Bank, an imperfect altar at the upper end. We were watching the "pass."

My companion had more than the touch of the dandy, he had presence. Pick him up and set him down in any company, in any part of the world, and he would hold his own. His hair was well trimmed, both ends of his tie were pulled through a gold ring, his blue trousers had broad black braid down the sides, his trim coat was double-breasted and his hard-boiled shirt spotless. He sat bolt upright in his chair, every inch a Master. He had the ancient dignity and style of the quarterdeck, all shipshape and Bristol fashion.

He suddenly turned and fixed me with an eye dyed blue by long years on deep water.

"Gives me a queer feeling," he said, "to be sitting in this room, the last captain on the Island. From the start I didn't hope—I knew I was going to be a captain. My only idea was to wear a shiny black coat, a tall hat, and carry a whale-bone cane, same as the Captains who used to sit here in these chairs. As a boy I looked in through these windows at them sitting around this stove. Nothing ever touched them in my mind before and after. They were the kings of the world. That was the height of my imagination—going to sea, being master of my own ship, and coming home and having the right to sit in this room among them."

He might have been Tomlinson's captain who raised his voice in "London River":

> The sea has gone. When I look down this road and see it so empty . . . I feel I've overstayed my time-allowance. My ships are firewood and wreckage, my owners are only funny portraits in offices that run ten-thousand-ton steamers, and the boys are bones. Poplar? This isn't Poplar. I feel like Robinson Crusoe—only I can't find a footprint in the place.

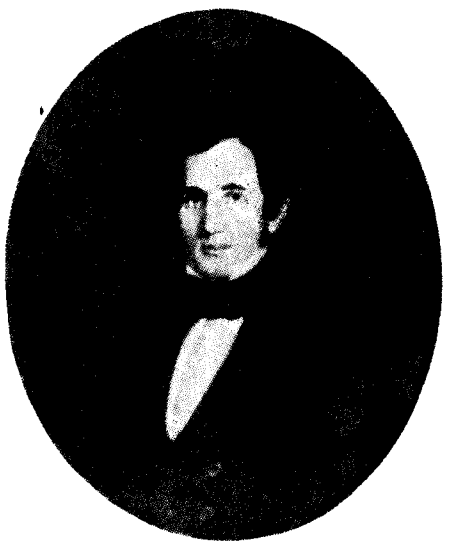
Nantucket is luckier than poor Poplar. She still has her footprints. So far progress has spared her—so far that robot-eyed monster has not kicked over her monuments, torn up her cobbles, blackened her face with soot, nor stamped out her heart with cinders, noise, and factory whistles. The old Town, smiling and triumphant, is still fresh, distinguished, and beautiful with her gray houses, captains' walks, and church towers "bosomed high in tufted trees."

"Through The Hawse-Hole" is a real contribution to the history of our early American culture. One finds on reading the book that the Nantucketer was never a grim Puritan or a dull Quaker. He seems to have taken his religion as he did his adventurous life with a quiet enthusiasm; the dour New Englander is a false tradition on this merry island.

These men and women were well-bred and bore themselves with grace. They liked silver, fine linen, the best of food, rare wines and good talk. They were exceptionally well-educated, spoke good English, and their minds were never allowed to grow stale for each incoming ship brought extraordinary and exciting news from every corner of the known and unknown world. Mr. William Rotch came home to tell of the first events of the French Revolution, of his meeting Mirabeau, the President of the National Assembly at Versailles; of the cheers of the Deputies when he stood up and pleaded for the tragic conditions of the Nantucket Quakers who had settled at Dunkirk at the invitation of the Government to teach the whaling industry to the French. Then came Sir Isaac Coffin Bart, of his Britannic Majesty's Navy, to build and endow the Coffin School for the Nantucket clan of Coffins. Ship after ship came round Brant Point bringing news as well as oil. Nantucketers knew intimately the early struggles of Peru, the politics of Chile, the pioneers of New Zealand; they heard from first hand witnesses of the opening up of Japan; they were brought word of the Indian Mutiny, of the Crimean War, and the South seas from Galapagos to Apia was an open book to them. Nantucket had the finest news agency that America, or perhaps the world, had ever known, for the news was always first-hand and told by an excited eyewitness. This may explain why today the Nantucketer is not easily impressed.

Florence Bennett Anderson has done her work well in spite of an involved, self-conscious style. I wish she could have told her story with the stark simplity which the narrative deserves. However, it is a gallant effort and brings to light for the first time an authentic Nantucket whaling master.

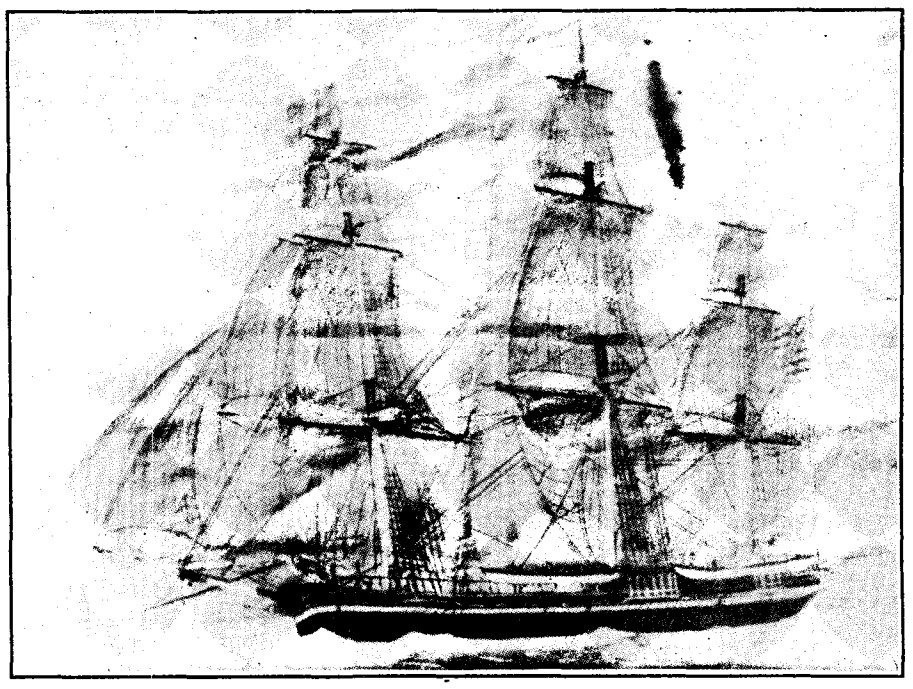
Mrs. Anderson tells the tale of her great-grandfather, Captain Seth Pinkham, who was born in 1786. In her book there is a reproduction of an oil portrait painted in Edgartown in 1840, of this hawk-faced ancestor. Dressed in his shiny broadcloth coat and high black stock, he looks up at you from the page with a bold and penetrating eye. A handsome, sober, successful shipmaster who started earning his living when a boy of ten in a rope-walk and became a prominent merchant, friend of Daniel Webster, and finally representative in the Massachusetts State Legislature.



CAPTAIN SETH PINKHAM

I have often wondered what has become of all the words the whalemen spoke during those interminable voyages. Science hints that we may soon be able to tap the ether and hear the original Gettysburg speech. I would like to turn the dials back to some star-filled night on a lonely sea in Southern Grounds or up North under the dim, horn-colored Arctic dawn, and listen to the murmur of the crews as they sat huddled together forward, talking and talking of *Fair Street, Traders Lane, Crown Court, Gull Island, Egypt,* and *India Row.*

Perhaps these words have come back to hover over the Town. Sometimes one can almost hear them when the tides shift,



ONE OF THE NANTUCKET WHALING FLEET

making the old harbor suddenly restless, excited, and the waters talkative. On still winter nights too, in deserted streets, one is suddenly made aware that the past is by no means dead, but strong as life.

I quote from a letter which to me is the most poignant moment in the book, for it bears witness to the eternal tragedy of early Nantucket, the parting of lovers. How much pain is here in these few stilted words written in a fine copperplate hand. One can see Captain Pinkham gravely sitting with his writing box open on the table in his white, panelled cabin. The telltale compass is swinging in its gimbals over his head as the ship heaves and groans aloud. The noise of wind through the rigging, the screams of wheeling seagulls, the banging of blocks, the loud reports of bellying sails are far away from this lover as he carefully writes:

> "Ship Galen at Sea on the Coast of Chili Lat. 36° S. in sight of the Land, 29 April 1821.
>
> "My dear and affectionate wife,
>
> . . . I cannot send off my Letter to you, without expressing an anxious care about our little girls—they are my dear! *tender* plants (you know), and they are also the production and offspring of the interchange of *our mutual love and affection*—bound to us *both* by the ties of nature and the sanctity of the nuptial vow. I think it unnecessary to enjoin so good a Mother, to have a watchful eye on their ripening years. I can seem to see them stepping about the house, playing with little Malvina F., sometimes asking a simple and childlike question about their Father, and at others perhaps saying something to their Mother about him that would make her eyes swim with tears, all these things you know (in domestic life) come up to view in their turn, in regular succession: and although the hand that guides my pen is thousands of miles distant from you and the innocents, yet the pleasing anticipation of the mental faculties can reach you in the twinkling of an eye.
>
> . . . And, my dear friend, be pleased to accept from your nearest and dearest friend the warmest effusions of his heart. Seth Pinkham."

Prose and Rhythm

(*Continued from page 73*)

syllabic stress as is brought by the poet to the use of his regular or irregular forms.

It is doubtful how many true stylists we have today. Despite multitudinous creative writers, there are probably but a handful to whom the term stylist would truly apply. For a stylist is one who is read not only for what he says but particularly for the way he says it. Most of our writers, bursting as they are to get something told, hurry on by forced marches. It is the Day of Haste.

Yet one need not be a distinguished stylist to learn prose rhythms, both in what to adopt and what to avoid. As with the form and the content of verse, it is again a matter of matching the flow of the words to the import of a line or a paragraph. Not only the etymological structure, but what might be called the "wave length" of every statement, can be made to reflect the nature of that statement. And, indeed, some of our new writers are making various experiments in hidden prose rhythms. Only, they conceal them ineffectively. The trouble with most of these experiments is that the machinery immediately creaks, even when it is the case of a good craftsman. In "A Farewell to Arms," Ernest Hemingway was guilty in some few passages of deviating into a kind of adaptation of the method of Gertrude Stein, with lamentable results. It was a self-conscious attempt and alien to his own lucidity. The machinery creaked violently. Other experiments have been made by other writers which produced something perhaps sensational, but certainly neither inevitable nor convincing. Yet one should not cry down the experimenters altogether, unless one feels that all possible effects in the writing of prose have already been attained by one or another of the giants of the past. And we do not believe any such thing. The modern material with which the new writers are dealing should, and will, affect the form, the mould of their writing. To describe contemporary phenomena with the greatest effectiveness new methods will be found, both in verse and prose.

But prose rhythms are a subtle matter. Rhythm is a patent glory of poetry; it must be dexterously masked and directed with discretion in prose. The only rule is that it should not obtrude, but take control of the reader's emotions by stealth. Too crude a technical equipment has been brought to most of the new experiments. Some of them are almost as bad as that "roar of the angry bear" which we have already quoted.

The greatest glory of prose is clarity, sentences so shaped that they tell exactly what the writer wishes to convey in words for which no others will do. And clarity includes concision, the absence of anything extraneous or repetitious. Before undertaking any experiments in prose rhythms we advise the young writer first endlessly to practise concision and clarity. When he can pack into a few words such significance as resides in that simplest of declarative sentences from the Bible, "Jesus wept," he will have achieved distinguished prose.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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"Whenas in Silks"

MRS. TAYLOR. By MARJORIE WORTHINGTON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2 net.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. TAYLOR, as the publishers observe on the jacket of this novel, is the George F. Babbitt of feminine America,—she is the ubiquitous American woman of comfortable means, practical intelligence, small intellect, circumscribed interests, conforming morality, and impeccable grooming. She plays bridge constantly, golf sporadically, reads occasional papers at the Garden Society, rules her servants with circumspection, expends large sums on a gown or cigarette case, calls the grocer to immediate account for a mistake in her reckoning, and berates the butcher for a five-cent rise in the price of meat. She makes a trip to Paris of which the first few days are happily spent in trying on gowns and hats and the later punctuated with perfunctory visits to the Louvre, the Cluny, or Notre Dame, and returns to pick up the routine of home with perhaps the liveliest sense of delight of which her soul is capable. There are thousands of Mrs. Taylors not alone in the Westchester Counties and New Rochelles of the United States but in the large cities as well.

Mrs. Taylor, of course, has been married. She has just been unmarried, as a matter of fact, as her story begins, for she is first disclosed turning from the open grave of her stodgy, unperceptive, highly estimable, and very successful John with a decent regret that he should have had to part with life but with a rising feeling that it may be pleasant to be free of him. She is forty—and the mirror in her car into which she gazes long as she drives back from the cemetery to her handsome and tasteful home gives back the comforting assurance that she does not look it. She has friends, who almost before she enters her house are waiting to offer their condolences, she has her garden which she genuinely loves and which touches her to something nearer poetic understanding that any merely human contact can, and she has George Bateman, John's partner, another John in his kindness, his threatening obesity, his commonplaceness, and his business ability, and already, as she instinctively knows, ready to fill John's shoes whenever a conventional lapse of time shall make it proper to do so. She has, too, tucked somewhere away in memory the recollection of a casual meeting with a young officer who once tried to make passing love to her, only to be repulsed with sincere repugnance at anything that smacked of disloyalty to her husband, but now to be vaguely remembered as a symbol rather than a personality,—a symbol of the romance that life may henceforth hold. He reappears to her in Paris, renews his friendship again in New Rochelle, and passes out of the story revealed as a wastrel. The wheel swings full circle before Mrs. Worthington is through with her heroine, for when she leaves her it is to the former order of her living, going once more through the familiar routine of her days with the only divergence from earlier custom that now it is George instead of John who smokes the cigars she so hates and rejoices in the good meals she serves him.

Up to a point Mrs. Worthington has been exceedingly successful with her novel. She has caught a type with remarkable fidelity, and she has reflected it in all the minutiæ of setting and manner and gesture. But her values are surface values, and her portrayal is photographic merely. When she essays to go deeper, as in the episode of Stanley Roberts, she falls short of convincingness, even of effectiveness. The innermost Mrs. Taylor eludes her, the intricacies which even a commonplace personality knows and which give it individuality as apart from other personalities of equal commonplaceness. The very degree of her conformity to the pattern is the measure of Mrs. Taylor's failure to come to full life under the author's handling. She remains to the end the external woman, a creature of surfaces only. But nevertheless, Mrs. Worthington's book is a clever and an interesting story.

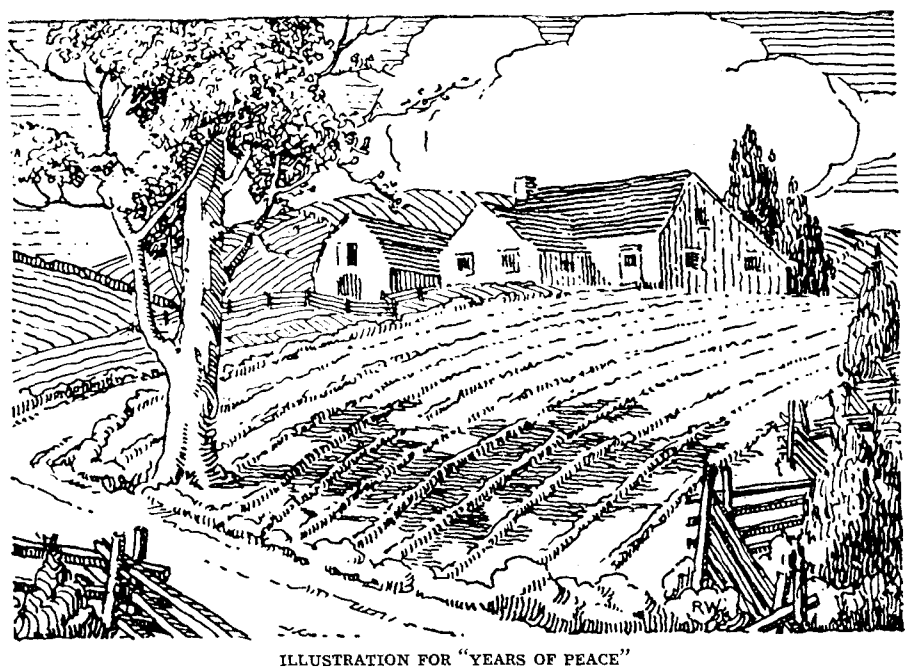

ILLUSTRATION FOR "YEARS OF PEACE"

A Saga of the Soil

THE YEARS OF PEACE. By LE ROY MACLEOD. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN T. FREDERICK
Editor of *The Midland*

THE occupation of the Mississippi Valley by the white race is perhaps the most dramatic event in human history. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the region was an enormous wilderness of forests and swamps and prairies, only minutely marked by the first tiny beginnings of permanent settlement, creeping westward from the Alleghanies. The span of a single human life compassed the transformation of the whole expanse into one vast farm and workshop. Men felled the forests, drained the swamps, plowed the prairies. Millions of men and their wives and children came to dwell on and cultivate the many millions of acres of rich land. Other millions in the cities fashioned and dealt in the products of the acres, and those of the mines and quarries. I do not know that armies or empires have ever written into history in so short a time a chapter so astounding, or so tremendous in its permanent significance for the race.

This great drama was made up of millions of individual dramas, in the lives of the men who cleared the land, bridged the rivers, sunk the mines, and of the women and children who shared those lives. This enormously rich body of experience is still so close to us that we can clasp hands with it in the maimed hands of old woodsmen and see it reflected in the deep eyes of old farmers, though it is receding faster and faster as the tempo of our living is accelerated. It is the great spiritual heritage of our generation. Strange that our poets and novelists have been so largely blind to it!

LeRoy MacLeod has not been blind. He has looked into the past of a place he knows intimately well—knows foot by foot of its pasture and plowed field and country road—and looked so attentively and lovingly that that past has come alive for him. The days of the boyhood of his own father, perhaps—the days just after the Civil War—he has not merely recaptured but relived; and he makes them live for his reader, with the Indiana woods and stream banks, in this truly beautiful and substantial novel.

There is no doubt that LeRoy MacLeod is richly aware of the historical significance of the material with which he is dealing; but it is clear that he has chosen this material not because of that realization, but because of the direct appeal of his characters and their situation. The people come first in this story, and we feel the times and trace the record of social and economic change through the completely genuine spiritual and physical experience of the characters. In this rich authenticity of individual experience LeRoy MacLeod's work is far superior to that of many who have attempted to write about our Middle Western background.

"The Years of Peace" is superior, also, in the qualities that reveal the care and skill and power of the artist. This man knows how to write. His prose, sometimes a bit stiffly individual, is always admirable in its precision and often movingly beautiful. He has abundant reserves of strength, is never hurried into inadequacy or tempted into cheapness. He knows how to conduct a story to a satisfying conclusion, and how to leave it there. His book is peopled with fascinating figures—old Aaron Van Dine, Lucy Ferguson, Lew Williamson—people about whom one would gladly know more; but these people are never permitted to rob the central problem of Peck Tyler and his wife of its pervading significance.

I have counted in the past, as the novels which have seemed to me, for their differences, alike in being really satisfying interpretations in fiction of the drama of the occupation of the Middle West, only five: Willa Cather's "My Antonia" and "O Pioneers!"; Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly"; Rolvaag's "Giants in the Earth"; and Walter Muilenburg's "Prairie." I am thinking now that when I have read "The Years of Peace" again, and tasted its pages more fully, I shall be ready to add a sixth to the list.

An Artist Is Born

THE GIANT SWING. By W. R. BURNETT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MR. BURNETT is the author of one of the earliest and one of the best of gangster stories, "Little Caesar," and of that tale of a put-upon pugilist, "Iron Man." In this new book he has changed, not his terrain, but the type of his hero. His strength as a story-teller is his simplicity. There is no overstressing of backgrounds. Cheap hang-outs, amusement parks, boarding-houses, and all-night restaurants become familiar as you read his books, and the inhabitants of his underworld really live there, and are part of the scenery. He has the quality of essential interest also. You read without being prodded with sensational events. There is that steady progress toward an unknown but expected consummation which is the true craftsmanship of fiction. His stories impart vicarious experience.

But something fails in this new novel, and I think it is the hero. He is a cheap musician of the parks, tough externally because he has to be, but quiveringly sensitive. His early story fills in the canvas for the background of tough life in a city like Detroit or Cleveland. It is excellent, so long as nothing happens but the day and night experience of Joe, the pianist. but Joe has genius, Joe meets a real musician and is inducted into the mysteries of art, Joe yearns for a larger life and breaks away to find it. When he returns he is the spoiled-baby hero of a musical comedy success which captures the public with its garish embrace of all the rhythms of American life, and outrages conventional critics of music. And when his opera is given, back in his home town, one sees that it is just the apotheosis of the old night life he knew, the giant swing of the park, the toughs of his world, the faithless girls, and for its hero, Spanish, the bouncer, who had been his hero and the moral dominant from whom he had to escape. The little pianist of the park had put his mean little life and the violence of his sensitive reactions into music, and became great.

It is a sound idea and a good plot for a novel, but Mr. Burnett is like Defoe in the later books of "Robinson Crusoe." On their chosen ground—that keenly visioned island, that night world of the provincial city—nothing can shake their verisimilitude. But when Burnett grows psychological and Defoe moralistic both books go to pieces. Joe dies at about two-thirds of the way through this novel, and it is another man, and an unrealized abstraction of the author, that comes back. And thus two-thirds of this book is excellent and one-third is a failure.

A Way of Life

THE BURNING BUSH. By SIGRID UNDSET. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

HAVING driven her last proud pagan into the fold of the church, Sigrid Undset has turned to the present and started again with the rebellious modern generation. Given a young man educated in modern science, reared by a divorced woman with "advanced" ideas, trained to religious skepticism,—given such a man, what will he do in an emotional crisis? Will he order his life clearly and coolly according to the dictates of reason or will he find himself confused and bewildered without a knowledge of and respect for the long-tried conventions of society, without a grounding in the principles of religion?

It is these questions that Sigrid Undset answers from an explicit point of view and with a certain vehemence in this new trilogy of hers, a vehemence that makes a doctrinaire novel of it. In the first volume ("The Wild Orchid") the young scientist is tripped in his stride—in very much the Wellsian manner—by a love affair with a girl much below him in social rank who becomes his mistress. Distressed and tormented by the anomalous position in which he finds himself, he leaves his studies for business in order to earn enough money so that he may marry. The girl suddenly disappears and in a mood of despair he marries a pretty but unintelligent young woman and then immerses himself in the welter of business during the Great War.

"The Burning Bush" is the second volume of the series and shows Paul struggling to some sort of compact with himself and the world. Insensibly he is attracted to the Catholic Church, to its sure authority and the rigor of its self-discipline. The Catholic faith helps him to bear with equanimity a series of misfortunes, to aid his brothers and sisters who, like himself, have run wild upon life and frazzled their lives. He emerges with a hard-won, and grimly joyous, fortitude, a spiritual athlete.

Here is an idea fused in the living stuff of fiction with such art that one is compelled to accept its validity, a way of life that is authentic and sane, and yet so explicit, so exclusive of alternatives, that a person not in sympathy with it is compelled to question and wonder. In her other trilogies, Sigrid Undset has dealt with people of the Middle Ages who were struggling between two civilizations, an old and a new, between an outmoded paganism with its narrow loyalties and the new Christian society with its insistence on social responsibility. In this new work Paul turns from the chaos of the new world to the security of the old and in so doing leaves a gulf between him and the average reader that is difficult to bridge. Sigrid Undset has given a world old solution to an age old problem and shown its validity, but she has not answered her questions in the terms of the day: her young scientist is submerged in the mystic.

Elizabeth Robins has just published in England "Theatre and Friendship" which is described as "Some Henry James letters with a commentary." The book contains about 150 letters which have not been published before.

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White Russia and Red

BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. By ERICH DWINGER. Translated by MARION SAUNDERS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANK ERNEST HILL

TO paint the World War and the Russian Revolution into a single picture, appropriately spreading its colors on the vastest of canvasses, the Russian steppes of Europe and Asia, is to attempt new dimensions in fiction, physical and spiritual. This is the aspiration of Mr. Dwinger's narrative of strife and suffering.

"Between White and Red" is set in the background of Russian chaos in the years from 1918 to 1920, and is only in the larger sense a novel. In a more sprawling fashion it takes on something of the character of "All Quiet on the Western Front." Like Remarque's concentrated work, it is a mass-story rather than a personal one. The young hero, Benjamin, a color-sergeant in a German regiment, was captured by the Russians in 1915. He appears in the book just after he has escaped the prison camp with the papers of a Russian peasant, and has made his way to the house of some German refugees in Tchita, in southeastern Siberia. But he is soon recaptured by the Whites and chooses to become an officer in their army rather than return to confinement as a war prisoner. His romance with a young German girl in the Tchita house, which flickered through twenty pages at the beginning of the story, is quickly submerged by the tides of marching and battle, never to be rekindled. Desperate groups of men count rather than individuals: the half dozen officers of Benjamin's company, some Russian and some German; the soldiers; the pitiful group of German prisoners acting as servants and orderlies; the vaster White army in which they move, with its successive leaders, profiteers, slave masters, loafers, regiments turning Red, parasitic Allies: French, English, Japanese, and American; prostitutes, and Red enemies and prisoners.

In one sense humanity is the hero of the book. Russian and German alike are pitifully and continuously groping for some meaning in the bloody struggle which they share. Most of them have in some fashion endured the four years of the World War. This is always in the background of their feeling. Now they have been sucked into this more barbarous conflict. They see the people of villages thrown bodily into prison, they see rape and arson, they see prisoners butchered and mutilated, they see hunger and confusion stalking them like dark angels. Why?

To German prisoners and Russian Whites alike there is at first the hope of order, of resistance to soulless Red regimentation. "You are an individualist," says Seydlitz, Benjamin's German comrade, in persuading him to become a White officer. "You want victory leadership, the supremacy of the intellect. Your conception of life is surely not atheistic." At the center of this White hope stands the Supreme Regent, Koltchak. "He has a face like Napoleon!" exclaims young Kostia, one of the Russians. Koltchak will bring order, religion, liberty, the mean between Czarism and Bolshevism. This, too, is the belief of Vereniky, the company's Captain, tower of strength for the little group with his kindliness, bravery, and inflexible discipline.

But Koltchak, it is too soon apparent, is a driver of mad horses, furiously biting and rearing. The Czarists hem him around, corrupting his orders. The Social Revolutionists are jealous of his power. Ambitious subordinates like Gayda betray him. A disease of oppression and disorder eats through his immense army. The Whites gnaw their own vitals, starving their men, wrecking their own supply service, oppressing the at first friendly peasants, shrinking from battle—sustained only by the tremendous exertions of a few ardent and selfless individuals.

So while at first they push forward from Siberia almost to the Volga, they are thrust back at last, slowly and then more rapidly, until at length their only hope is to escape to the eastern provinces lying toward the Pacific. Starving, mowed down by typhus, harrassed by Reds, betrayed (they think) by their Allies, theirs is a march of three quarters of a million that at length becomes the march of a ten thousand, and never wins to the sea. Among the villains of the tragedy appear the Czechs, painted here as the oppressors of German prisoners, and the traitors who betray Koltchak for thirty wagons of coal.

Wallowing in such disasters, the hero and his White companions lose the none too certain ideal around which they had gathered at first. The Reds become more and more the possessors of the faith—a hateful one perhaps, but at least firm and passionate. The Red prisoners dying with contemptuous idealism shake Benjamin's convictions. Seydlitz, a perfect officer, despairs of the Whites, and tries to enter the Red line, to work back toward Germany. Ilya, a gentle Russian aristocrat, gives Benjamin his diary as he dies. "I was on the side," is its final sentence. Koltchak, indeed, preserves his serene and lofty personality. The Red firing squad cannot obey its own officer's command to shoot, and the White commander himself gives the order for the salvo that brings his own death. For the hero, the only possible justification of the terrific ordeal of blood and misery is an international one. "If by the awakening that we shall engender," he muses, "humanity is never again to undergo such sufferings. . . . Not only I, but all of us are to speak of it, are to testify before humanity to our experience—that is the meaning."

Magnificent in proportion and intention, "Between White and Red" is authentic in its welter of detail, and in its sharp episodes often creates memorable moments. Now they are pathetic—the picture of the little barber, Fleetman, whose sole comfort is to ply his work in the chaos about him, so weakened by cold and sickness that his hand is no longer sure. Again they are terrific—orgies of cruelty by Red or White, or the final heroism of Vereniky, propped with a broken leg in the icy air before the final machine gun of the company, waiting to hold back the oncoming Reds. But while it is easy to understand why the book has evoked a wide response among German readers, and will interest many Americans, it is on the whole the assembled materials for a work of art rather than something achieved. It is authentic. Mr. Dwinger's own experience is comprised in its pages, and as a document of suffering it is real and often gripping. Yet it lacks the form and triumphant drama of the greater war books, among which by theme and color it might well have stood.

Miss Saunders's translation seems a faithful and sensitive transcript.

The Saturday Review Recommends

This Group of Current Books:

YEARS OF PEACE. By LEROY MCLEOD. *Century.*

A story of the occupation of the Middle West by the farmer, rich in its social and human background.

A NEW DEAL. By STUART CHASE. *Macmillan.*

A re-examination of the present order of American economic society, and a presentation of its shortcomings.

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX. By PAUL JAMES. *Knopf.*
A volume of poems imbued with the spirit of youth.

This Less Recent Book:

ENGLAND THE UNKNOWN ISLE. By PAUL COHEN-PORTHEIM. *Dutton.*
An analysis of England and its people, pointed and illuminating.

Romance and After

I'LL NEVER BE YOUNG AGAIN. By DAPHNE DU MAURIER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is an honest and an interesting book. It is an attempt to communicate the romance of youth, and to face the question of what is to be done when the romance is over and the romanticism that made it has burned itself out. The story is told in the first person; the hero, Dick, is a boy who at the beginning of the book has grown almost to manhood and has never had any youth; his father is a great and inspired poet who lives in books and in the serene

DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

ether of his own mind, and the household is in slavery to his genius. Dick, who knows that he has never been anything but an occasional distraction and disappointment to his father, and nothing in the world to any one else, is saved from throwing himself into the Thames by a rolling stone—sailor, prizefighter, and manslayer—named Jake. This is the real beginning of Dick's life, and now, for a short time and for the course of the book, he crowds into his life all the romantic adventure he had never had. The book falls sharply apart into two sections, which are almost completely typical of the successive yearnings of all young dreamers: first sailing before the mast, hardship, and growing strength and danger and the Whitmanesque love of comradeship; and, then when this comes to an end, *la vie de Bohême* in, of course, Paris, writing and falling in love with a girl and living with her in unmarried happiness.

The importance of Miss du Maurier's book lies in the fact that she acknowledges that that sort of thing cannot last for ever nor for long, and that she is willing to try at least to provide her theme with a resolution. She does not rely on accident, as so many recent books do, to provide a dramatic end for what must end in any case; the life with Jake was wearing thin before its shipwreck, and Dick had found that comradeship was not enough and that hardship, when once he knew he could stand it, was no lasting pleasure; and his desires to write and love in the Bohemian fashion slowly and painfully wear themselves and each other out. And so, having had his fill of adventure, Dick settles down comfortably and sensibly, like other folk. It cannot be said that this is a perfectly satisfactory solution; and it is perhaps not made so satisfactory as it might be, because it is hurried. Miss du Maurier has made us feel keenly the pleasures of romanticism, for all its imperfections; she does not give herself room to convey an idea of the compensations of everyday life. But satisfactory or not, the solution is honest. For the general reader, it will not be so pleasant as either the illusion that young adventure lasts forever, or the convention that when it is over there is nothing left but a Byronic despair; but it is much more probably true.

"I'll Never Be Young Again" has a fine conception; its execution is extremely uneven. When it is good, it is very, very good; but it is not good always. Miss du Maurier writes in two manners: One is rich and sensuous, full of direct imagery and of imaginative connotations; it is in this manner that she makes us feel the misery of Dick's boyhood and the delights of his sailing days. The other manner is a bald, unanalytical style that shows the influence of Mr. Ernest Hemingway, whose naked athleticism is as tempting to his generation as the luxuriousness of Swinburne was to his, and as dangerous to follow. In this the author is less successful. This bare style increases the difficulty that is always felt in writing in the first person, that of giving an idea of the narrator's mind and character which shall not seem to show more self-knowledge than he would actually possess. When she wishes us to understand, for instance, that Dick is making a fool of himself, she is forced to make it so obvious in his conduct that it seems incredible that he should not have known better at the time. But taking it upon the whole, "I'll Never Be Young Again" is a book that succeeds unusually in making us see and understand and taste many different places and states of mind and body.

Mind of the Artist

BEAUTY LIES BEYOND HELL. By HOWARD W. ROPER. New York: Ray Long & Richard R. Smith. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

NO more modern for all its staccato impressionistic style than "Pilgrim's Progress," Howard W. Roper's first novel "Beauty Lies Beyond Hell" is, despite its flaws and because of its sensuous record of the war years in America, a book marked with promise. Mr. Roper follows his artist as Bunyan followed his Christian through the morasses of the world and the two books, the old masterpiece and the modern novel, make an interesting comparison between the stern Puritan and the hard modern. The two are almost startlingly alike in spirit but of the two the Puritan was less self-deceived.

"Beauty Lies Beyond Hell" is not so much a story as it is a record of the impressions upon George Thane, boy who wishes to be an artist, during the years of the World War. The impressions extend from a dime dance hall, through a typhoid epidemic, and work in a munitions factory, back to the dance hall and its habitués again. Far less a character than the morality figures of Bunyan, George Thane remains throughout the volume no more than a focal point for impressions of the colors and smells and pictures of a sordid world.

Mr. Roper has written a hard book with a bright surface, a book of the beauty in the ugliness and bitterness of life, but a steady sentimentality shines through the hard finish of the work. The author is not half so hard as his style. He aches for the little half-prostitutes, sweet flesh dancing so close to the flames of hell. He is sentimental about his hero and his hero's dull friends and stupid girls. The incident of the death of Peggy, who remains through the book a sort of dance hall Beatrice to young artist George Thane, is almost too reminiscent of such a death of a dance hall girl as an evangelist might shout it, heavily emphasizing the fact that the wages of sin is death. Roper says no such thing. He is less interested in the wages of life than in its details and there is a quality of art in his prose of the horror and hysteria of dying that surpasses even the most impassioned and oratorical Methodist.

The promise of the book is as evident as its flaws. Few first novelists have so true a feeling for detail and so poetic an ability to express it. The procession of minor characters with which the book is filled presents a number of exquisitely drawn miniature portraits. Occasionally, as when the cheap pugilist to show his girl how much he loves her has an enormous florid rose bearing their names tatooed on himself, the book shows a fine sense of the ludicrous. Mr. Roper's modern style, which is too much a preoccupation with him, is damned by the old-fashioned quality not of Bunyan but of last year. In it there are many fine phrases, a number of fine passages, but the whole of it gives the impression of the complete old-fashionedness of last year's modernity.

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The BOWLING GREEN

Human Being

XXXII. ST. ELMO'S FIRE

LUCILLE'S new apartment, her Pekinese, her priority at bridge, even her charge account at Gimbel's, were subtly irritating to Hazel. Also it was annoying to see the Roe penholder, the Roe book-ends and blotters and ink-wells, the Diana ash-tray, displayed in all the department stores. She gave up shopping with Lucy, which had once been such a pleasure, because she grew weary of having these things pointed out. The improved egg-carton, with which Herman was doing well, was not equivalent as an emblem of social rise.

Retaliation was desirable. Hazel joined a literary club. Her allusions to "my husband who used to be in the publishing business" soon put her on the program committee. When it came her turn to entertain she planned a killing. Mr. Hampton, whom we remember as the author of *Carbon Paper,* was now the solidest property on the Erskine list. Hazel decided she would have him as the feature of her party. Good-natured old Sam Erskine, just to get her off the phone, said he would try to arrange it. Then, in the pressure of other matters, he forgot. At the last moment he referred the problem to Daisy, putting through a requisition to the Publicity Department for 1 Author, Set Up and Delivered (as per invoice). Daisy, taken short, knew that it was impossible to procure Hampton. She substituted her old favorite, the poet Johnny Jonquil. Johnny was a reliable man in these matters. His scalp had begun to glimmer through his hair, but this was not noticeable except from a balcony or unless you actually sat on his knee. His reception trousers, like his manners, were a little glossy after a decade of literary abrasion, but these also were not evident to his public. His long romantic poem about the Ice Man, representing that person as the hairy impulsive faun of the West Side, had been read a good deal south of 23rd Street and north of 72nd. (What happens to poetry in between these parallels is a mystery.) If what Johnny surmised about the Ice Man were really true, one could only be grateful for the spread of electric refrigeration. But the poem was always a thrill at afternoon clacks; Daisy had figured that either with a Pulitzer Prize or another fifty readings to women's clubs the book would actually pay out.

Hazel was disappointed not to get Hampton, but made the best of it. She hired a caterer, sent old Mrs. Geschwindt to the movies, and memorized a paragraph of tribute to the poet. But it was not in Daisy's technique to send Johnny out unescorted. It was unlikely, but still possible, that at a recital some macaroon in female form might make off with him, now broken to saddle and light harness. She insisted on introducing him herself. Thus the edge of the affair was blunted for poor Hazel. But in the secret intention of discomfiting Lucille it was an unexpected success. Lucy arrived, somewhat surprised at Hazel's sudden zeal for letters, but pleasantly prepared to tell Mr. Hampton how she had formerly encouraged her husband to sell thousands of his books. Instead she found herself encountering Daisy among the swarm of tea-cups and sandwiches. "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Roe. I didn't suppose you cared for this sort of thing."

Lucille, with all the resources of Gimbel's behind her, was not the woman to evade a challenge. Every follicle in her being (and women are honeycombed with them) was taut with anger. You could almost see the flurry of entrenching tools as she gallantly dug herself in.

"I had an engagement to play bridge this afternoon, but when Hazel told me I cancelled it. Of course, I'm glad to support anything that helps Erskine's. I remember Mr. Roe telling me that your tea-parties sold more poetry than all the salesmen put together."

"Quite possible," said Mrs. Erskine. "I'm so pleased to hear from Miss McCoy how well Richard is doing."

"Yes, we've been fortunate."

"Of course, in business so much depends on one's assistants. He's lucky to have a woman like Miss Hutzler to run things for him."

"Mr. Roe says she's a great help. She has a good head for business."

"A good figure too. When I heard that she posed for the Diana ash-tray I could understand its success."

There was the tinkling clatter of a spoon against a tea-cup. "Will the ladies please come to order," Hazel was saying. "We have the unusual privilege—"

When Lucille got home she looked sharply at the little bronze dish with its impudent goddess. There *was* a vague likeness. . . . The garbage man on 81st Street, often astounded at the things people throw away, was startled to find a perfectly good ash-tray imbedded in potato salad.

* *

It's really surprising, Richard found himself thinking, how well a man doing a job can get on without—well, without (he was always rather delicate in his mind), —without women. He ventured this idea one day at lunch with the old Erskine gang. Sam Erskine, Gene Vogelsang, George Work and Bill Schaefer used to eat together now and then, and occasionally Richard joined them. Mouquin's was gone, and this was before the era of Jules, but they discovered a French estaminet over in the Chelsea region. The sesame of the house was the word *lingerie:* it gave them a mild bohemian thrill to murmur this passport through the peephole. They mispronounced it, but evidently Madame knew what they meant.

Even under the most absolute despotism there is still freedom of thought. These men had been tamed and trimmed (perhaps to their advantage) until they saw life through a wire mesh of negatives which habit had made invisible. But, like any servile class, they had their pathetic little proverbs and aphorisms: homely lore and tradition passed on from mouth to ear, rarely confided to betraying print. It is unfair to quote these. Hubbard says, for they are the mere bravado of the moment. Men are by nature faithful and sentimental animals; when they turn to cynicism there is usually a heart-ache behind. But at lunchtime expansions, or on trains and ships (Truth is a great traveller) their grotesque or resentful maxims are likely to emerge. "When you see a car blocking up the road you can bet it's a woman driving."—"When a woman turns sour there's nothing you can do about it."—"If my wife would get good and pickled just once, she'd be more understanding. But she won't; she's too smart."—"Maybe I could do with a little less fidelity and a little more kindness."—They paused, embarrassed, on this dangerous sentiment, for T. Bannister Erskine happened to be present. Poor T. Bannister, who seemed so good-naturedly unaware of Daisy's extramural activities. The only memorandum Hubbard reports of him was relayed by George Work. Daisy and T. Bannister drove up to my place in the country in the middle of a thunderstorm, George said. Daisy was driving the runabout, with an enormous dog as big as Abe Lincoln on the seat beside her. T. Bannister was in the open rumble, soaking wet. I had them in, gave T. Bannister a hot scotch, his teeth were rattling like dice. The drink must have warmed him up some, for he got quite masterful. "I didn't mind the rain," he said, "but when it began to hail as big as camphor-balls, I told Daisy we really must take shelter." "We're on our way to the dog-show at Huntington," Daisy said; "We didn't want the dog to get draggled." Too bad there isn't a Husband Show, I said.

So I don't make fun of those chance meetings when the gang blurted their crude notions, said Hubbard. They knew they were licked, but they still had a curiosity to examine why. They realized grimly that life is not always conducted on the comfortable codes of school and pulpit. How awful when no one, *no one,* can decide for you. Each must hammer his own tools from the heavy metal of doubt.

* *

Sam Erskine and the others were surprised when Richard said what he did. It was unusual for him to make any remark that could be construed as autobiography. It opens great gulfs when the usually silent find a voice. Sam even commented on it to Miss Mac, who scarcely rated as a woman to this group. In years of bluff companionship with salesmen she herself had almost forgotten she had once been female. When she appeared at the booksellers' conventions in a gown of low ramp, her colleagues were always startled to be reminded of the wealth and sculpture of her femininity. Having unconsciously assumed the masculine point of view she underrated women's grievances. She didn't see, she remarked to Hubbard, why people should make so much fuss over a little bit of jealousy. But Miss Mac had never had any opportunity to suffer —or inflict—that mortal pang.

A woman who thinks herself wronged, Hubbard mused, suffers so damnably, that she sometimes manages to make everyone within reach of her suffer almost as much. She has a thousand ingenious modes of torture. Suspicion glows at her yard-arm like the green St. Elmo's fire, runs in sultry shock through all her rigging. By anguished alertness she creates the very thing she fears. It's queer that women, knowing themselves inflammable, so lightly toss these fireballs aboard each other's craft.

* *

In the concentration of business, women —in any specific appeal—seemed to have vanished from Richard's ken. He loved Lucy probably more than ever, but hard words are a meagre diet for the appetite. When he heard the Erskine gang talking about women it was like anecdotes of a foreign country—picturesque, perhaps amusing, but something he never expected so see. As usual, Lucy's indignations came at a time when they were quite unwarranted. Suspicion is an eccentric, mounted on a cam—revolves lopsidedly, behind the circle of the main wheel. Or, if the mechanic figure is ungraceful, like the light from a star, that reaches earth long after the meteor itself has burned out. In so far as he had thought about it at all, Richard had supposed that sentimental relations with Minnie were at an end. Under the stroke of Lucy's anger, loudly and uncomprehendingly echoed by Gladys, he made fantastic efforts to please. He watched their faces for signs of sudden annoyance as a countryman scans a hedge for the weatherwise cobweb. Looking forward, with imperishable optimism, to a sociable evening, he would find that Lucille and Gladys had suddenly disappeared from the apartment for a trip to the movies. Even the Pekinese seemed to sneer at him then. Lucy believed that these nightmares of celluloid were narcotic, but one may doubt it. Much attendance had made her a connoisseur in the ornate furnishings of illicit romance; she endured wistful torments of imagination while Gladys derived quite fatuous ideas of man's prowess. Richard, taking the dog for a walk, medicined himself with the familiar purge, in which a small grain of remorse is lost in a thick syrup of present virtue. Because he had once gone off the gold standard, must his coinage be permanently depreciated? He wondered at the apparent disappearance of all desires of flesh. He asked himself, in man's pathetic way, if he had become impotent?

Sometimes on these evening strolls he encountered old Mrs. Geschwindt, who escaped from Hazel's supervision to recruit herself by scanning the Broadway windows. The old lady always cheered him; he could talk to her. Long emancipated from vanity and social torsion, she was refreshingly human. She had a peppermint quality, both sharp and fragrant; and the immoral gusto of old people who have led virtuous lives and are not afraid to regret it. When she met Richard they always talked as long as Peke would allow; his conventional mind disapproved her German habit of coming out on the street in elastic-sided house-shoes; he annoyed her by snuffing them with morbid persistence.

"Hazel and Lucy always hush me up when I ask about you," she said. "When they were young I tried to keep the facts of life away from them; now they try to do it to me. What's the matter, you got a girl somewhere? Lucy is angry? Well, don't take it too hard. Nix, nix! We all get over it."

It was no use, Richard thought, to insist that her idea was inexact. She was having the pleasure of relating it to her own memories.

"I remember I made old Papa Geschwindt's life a hell when that happened to me. *Schade, schade,* that don't get you nowhere. I learned how to manage him. When he'd been out I was extra nice to him and he got shamed. Besides, maybe a little competition is good for wives, *nit wahr?* Poor old Geschwindt, if he didn't die I wouldn't be living off these girls. They have a hard streak, there's a gristle in their hearts. Maybe they get it from me.

"Throw that dog in the river," she added, "and use the strap on Gladys when she needs it. Don't tell Lucy you saw me. She'll say you been setting her own mother against her."

She started away, but a window of negligees seemed to suggest an idea to her. She turned back and hailed him with an air of beldame mischief.

"Richard, business ain't everything. You tell that girl of yours I think she has good taste."

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Versatile Youth

SHOES AND SHIPS AND SEALING WAX. By PAUL JAMES. Alfred A. Knopf. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PERHAPS Mr. James is not so very young after all. He was evidently a flier in the Great War, although many of the pilots of that day were young enough in all conscience. Still, whatever Mr. James's age be today he has imbued his second book of poems with the spirit of youth. The leading and longest poem, "The Ringer," dealing with a supernatural experience as it came to a flier in France, is well managed, readable, and moving. Some of the last verses in the book, concerned with the Depression are highly amusing. One of the poems about death, in "Wind Over the Valley," is written in French, one in German. The love verse in "Back at the Old Stand" has decided touches of originality:

Tell me, dear,
Have you blown "Taps"
Loud and clear?
And am I perhaps
One of those saps,
That just won't hear?
If I suspected that were true,
That pity made your blowing frugal,—
By God, you know what I would do?
I'd bust your blasted bugle!

That, at least, is a bit different from the ordinary lover's plaint! And another effort that seems most pertinent to this journal is entitled "Two Bucks for a Book." It ends with the lines:

And is there a chance,
After each wily crook
Has been 'round for his touch
In his own little way,
That you'll get us to pay
Two bucks for a book?
When we don't need
To read?

Not much.

Mr. James is cutting his own throat when he writes like that, but he doesn't seem to mind. Altogether we have found his unpretentious small volume quite a delight.

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The French Novel To-day

By CHARLOTTE HALDANE

TRADITION in art is the business of critics rather than of artists. For whereas the critic is primarily concerned with the historical survey which earns him his living, the artist lives (more precariously) by a series of esthetic shocks, which it is his business to convey in terms of paint, music, or words to those few persons who, though not themselves artists, are capable of sitting up and taking notice, of saying without having to be told by anyone or anything but the work in question: "This is the stuff to give us."

The artist is influenced by tradition as Cézanne was influenced by Poussin. Now he is not concerned with the shock of direct inspiration, but with the impact of another's genius on his own. Occasionally it is a disastrous influence, from which he may take years to recover. He may find himself anticipated, or he may fall so completely under the spell of those predecessors he most admires that his own powers become throttled by his admiration for them.

Certainly, reading one's Proust is a terrible experience. This ordeal has nothing whatever to do with the pathetic struggles of those who, believing it to be "the right thing," grapple with and are defeated by that master's dazzling grammatical conjuring tricks. It is the ordeal of finding the last word piled up several million times, so that by the end of "Le Temps Retrouvé" there seems to remain not one more word to be said.

But although Marcel Proust did put a glorious end to a great tradition, the tradition of Stendhal, Hugo, Balzac, and the rest, he did not kill the French novel, as Tolstoy, for example, killed the Russian novel. The vitality of France has always been the marvel and the envy of Europe. In this most precarious of all art forms she is still triumphing, as in painting and the cinema.

In 1929 Jean Cocteau produced "Les Enfants Terribles."

Good enough.

It is something of a mystery to me that many of those English and American people who still care for the novel as an art form seem not to know about the work of a man like Pierre MacOrlan, who, even were he not a genius, would still remain the typical novelist of all modern Europe. It is strange that those who admire Gide have barely heard of Jean Giraudoux, who knocks every would-be intellectual novelist into a cocked hat. Francis Carco is more difficult to read in the original than Proust, for nine out of every ten of his delightful words are from the vocabulary of pimps, prostitutes, or bandits. Nevertheless it would be worth the trouble.

I cannot offer you Maurois, because I do not regard him as a typically French writer nor as one of the first rank. But there is no need to quarrel about him if my view differs from yours, for he translates well, and England and America have always supplied him with a large and enthusiastic public.

None of the other three would translate well. Even the keyword, which in spite of their differences, sums them all up, is untranslatable, unfortunately.

First, however, Jules Romains must be cleared out of the way. He is extraordinarily difficult to place. He might be compared, though only superficially, to our own Mr. Wells. He is a scientist by temperament, and the novelist of scientists. He has the flat, unimpressive style of a medical journalist, shot through, however, by flashes of poetry. The splendor of one or two of his ideas is equalled by an occasional gust of humor which, although good-tempered, can make one wince or wriggle uncomfortably. Finally, he suffers from a form of mysticism akin to Mr. Wells's—he sees Purpose in the oddest places—"a power outside ourselves making for righteousness"—the response to which he feels in his own heart and with which he claims it is his and our duty to coöperate.

He is at present asking the coöperation of his public in the preface to his latest work, aptly named "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté," of which the first two volumes have recently appeared. He seems to be a little afraid that their courage will fail them, for he has not stated boldly how long this work is to be—only that it will be very long, bigger and better than Zola's. He has, however, threateningly appended to it a list of characters and short summaries of the first two volumes, which the reader is implored not to read, would have been forbidden to read, I feel, had that been practicable, until he has read the volumes proper.

Before "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté" there was the trilogy consisting of "Lucienne," "Le Dieu des Corps," and "Quand le Navire." The second volume deals with the physiology and psychology of married love in as painstaking a manner as the works of Marie Stopes. Although "Lucienne" is a lovely story, the proposition seemed to me an impossible one. Only a Frenchman could self-consciously set out to write about "pure" love in a "pure" manner. I found the result pure boredom. "Le Dieu des Corps" would be an excellent textbook for adolescents, very romantic and uplifting. Some adults, nevertheless, liked it.

One must go back a little further for the Jules Romains who now enjoys solid fame in his own country. Let us start, therefore, with an early work, "Les Copains" (The Pals) which is a fantasia on the theme of the pranks of a group of young men. High-spirited, gay, witty, poetry alternating with the pranks, it is like no other modern work, and the forerunner of the books in which his mysticism emerges more staidly. This takes the form of a theory, the theory of *unanimisme:* as it were, unanimity.

We get it more clearly in a book of a very different kind at first sight: "Mort de Quelqu'un," translated into English as "Death of a Nobody." Anybody, a nobody, dies. At any given time and place everywhere on earth someone is always being born, someone is always dying. It is a flawless book, which goes on steadily like rain, the detail even has the monotony of a rainy landscape, the whole the inevitability of a rainy day. It is an experiment in one mood, the mood perfectly sustained throughout, the events under the mood's thrall universal: eating, sleeping, living, dying. A study, in short, of being. The man who produced that story set for himself a standard he could not possibly live up to, or be expected to live up to, for the rest of his life.

This intellectual monotony, which is part of the charm but also a flaw of Jules Romains's mind, makes a surprising appearance in the theatre, where it suddenly becomes exciting because on the stage it seems exotic. As a dramatist he has had many successes and some failures. On the stage he is often very good entertainment but does not succeed in being much more. His conventions are as unconventional as one would expect of him. In "Dr. Knock" clinical, in "Donogoo" cinematic, in "Musse" there is throughout the background of the boardroom. His theatre has not produced great or grand works like "Les Copains" and "Mort de Quelqu'n." But one of these days it may. It will be difficult to sum up this surprisingly original and sympathetic artist when he is dead. In the meantime it is impossible.

Charlotte Haldane has written on French literature for English periodicals. She is herself the author of three novels, "Man's World, "Brother to Bert," and "I Bring Not Peace," the first of which has been published in this country as well as in England and the last of which has just appeared in Mrs. Haldane's country.

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Artistic Creation

10 DIALOGHI SU LA CREAZIONE ARTISTICA. By GUIDO LODOVICI LUZZATTO. Lanciano, Italy: Carabba. 1932.

Reviewed by DAISY NEUMANN

IN a series of plausible conversations this young Italian writer presents to his contemporaries a theory of artistic creation which is, perhaps, not so novel as it is lucid and provocative of further reflection. He conceives of artistic creation in three closely related steps: an experience, the resolve to express it, and the complete expression. The person who has undergone an experience but does not seek to express it, is, though probably appreciative, not an artist. The one who resolves to express this experience but never quite gets around to it is an artist lost. These two classes of people constitute the readers, auditors, spectators for the third group; that of the type of man who experiences, resolves to express, and achieves his end—the successful, though not necessarily the perfect artist.

This theory is based upon the supposition, for this author, the absolute conviction, that artistic creation manifests itself equally in all ages, deriving its being from a moment in the life of the imagination, then becoming the germ of expression, the germ of concrete artistic realization. A reader who has not gone deeply into esthetics will find here in the most agreeable form many things to speculate upon: the relation which the architecture of a composition has to the work itself, the question of eternity as a criterion of value for a work of art, the importance of the translator or interpreter (seldom considered in our literature), and the social function of art, which the writer believes is to deliver man from egocentricity and project him into the lives of his fellowmen.

Out of the Soviets

MACHINES AND MEN IN RUSIA. By LOUIS FISCHER. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert K. Haas. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

MR. FISCHER'S book is a miscellaneous collection of essays nd sketches some of which, ith slight variations of form, have already appeared in magazines. We have, for example, his first impressions of Russia on his return after a recent short absence, a group of chapters dealing with industrial and agricultural progress, but broken by a chapter on Russia and Japan in Manchuria, and an unusually interesting account of the peculiar cultural situation in the new state of Azerbaijan, another on the new status of the Jews in Russia, and four chapters on the position of writers and the intelligentsia generally. The volume concludes with short sketches of Lenin and Stalin.

Mr. Fischer is one of the best informed and most acute American correspondents in Russia, and his long acquaintance with the country and close contact with various classes of its people make anything that he writes distinctly worth reading. He cannot be set down as a wholly impartial observer, for his closeness to the scene and his fundamental sympathy with it have obviously, and of course quite naturally, affected his critical judgment; but while he writes optimistically, and passes lightly over the suffering and multiple embarrassments which the great economic and social experiment has entailed, he nevertheless speaks out at times with as much frankness and boldness as it would probably be safe to show if he wanted to remain in the country. Considering the violent partisanship which Russia evokes in many foreign observers, and the repeated reports of disorder and predicitons of disaster that get into print, it is well that Russia should have its own day in court; and although Mr. Fischer's contribution in the present instance is slight, few writers are as well fitted as he is to undertake the defense.

Taking up a description of things at or near the present time, Mr. Fischer notes that the year 1931 was hard, and left its mark in obvious physical and nervous strain. Still, although food is poor and prices are exorbitant, nobody is starving. Housing and living conditions are better, there is labor shortage instead of unemployment, and the effects of the world depression are felt chiefly in the shrinkage of foreign credits and the lower prices received for exports. The labor turnover continues high, for the Russian workers have not yet learned to stick steadily at a job, but they are learning, and the severe demands of the Five-Year Plan are being approximately met. Mr. Fischer dwells upon the fact that the former emphasis upon the development of heavy industry is giving way to greater proportionate attention to light industry; he feels confident that the present disparity between quality and quantity will not continue, and he points to the "self-assurance and faith" with which the great task of economic reorganization is being pressed. Clearly, he thinks, collectivization must go on, and will go on. He is less happy in his effort to show that capitalism cannot plan, but "must move into the future without chart or compass." Of course capitalism could plan if it chose to do so, but the suffering and strain which collective planning has brought to Russia are not likely to commend capitalistic planning of any comparable thoroughness even if there were not other weighty objections to it.

Mr. Fischer writes interestingly of the status of the Russian intellectuals, their long resistance to Bolshevism, and the recent reversal of government policy which has brought a species of social emancipation. He is not favorably impressed, however, by the quality of most contemporary Russian literature, and finds literary criticism poor. He quotes Stalin as pointedly asking a group of playwrights and novelists whether it would not be better, instead of turning out two or three novels or plays in a year, "to take two or three years to do one job of more permanent value." The character sketch of Stalin with which the volume ends is an especially good piece of work, and the better for its frank recognition of the "orgy of personal glorification" of the dictator which has swept over the country and which Stalin "at least tolerates."

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE DIAMOND LENS and Other Stories. By FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN. With an Introduction by GILBERT SELDES. Illustrations by FERDINAND HUSZTI HORVATH. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1932. $4.

That master printer William Edwin Rudge has made an unusually attractive book of the stories of an odd genius of the eighteen fifties. We say "genius" advisedly. The term is justified by certain spurts of O'Brien's imagination which bring him almost up to the level of Poe. Otherwise he is fairly negligible. But no one who has ever read them can forget "The Diamond Lens" or "What Was It?" Mr. Gilbert Seldes gives O'Brien a most astute introduction. It is true that O'Brien's poetry was "appalling," unfortunately, quite true. His best prose fiction is in quite another category. This new edition of those stories could not well be bettered in presentation and choice of introducer and illustrator. Linley "the mad microscopist" and his Animula will remain permanencies in imaginative literature; and thus the eccentric O'Brien exceeds in a leap many more assiduous writers of his time with a more constant level of achievement. It is the genius of the Irish. Gallant, prodigal, gifted, theatrical, dashingly military in the Civil War,—O'Brien's strange and almost unreal personality still persuades us with an inimitable gesture from the fantasies of the past in some of these stories.

LUXURY LINER. By GINA KAUS. Long & Smith. 1932. $2.

An unflagging feeling for the mutability of human relationship informs this otherwise commonplace novel of Frau Kaus's, and endows it with a quality of fascination. For in observing the unities of time and place, the author has fallen into the usual pitfall—the characters she has chosen to portray, while not entirely hackneyed symbols (witness "S. S. San Pedro") nevertheless represent the easily recognizable types now so familiar to the reader of novels entitled "Hotel So-and-So," "S. S. Such-and-Such."

Dr. Wohlmut's wife has deserted him for a lover and is sailing for America in the luxurious *Columbia*, and it is merest freak of an author's fancy that enables the doctor to assume the post of ship's physician at the last moment. Once on board, things are simplified, and once more we meet the international financier and witness the sad results of a rumor that he was buying a certain stock. Here is the usual gallery of eccentrics, rich and poor; the poor envying the rich, the rich pining for the simple life. Love affairs, flirtations, death by suicide, pathetic stories of life-savings spent on what remains a futile passage, spice the pages for the reader and move the story along. In his capacity of ship's physician, Dr. Wohlmut is enabled to move from stem to stern of the palatial liner, from wheel-house to engine-room, and the reader is further titivated by stories of lust, gambling, grief and revenge, self-sacrifice and futility. The majority of these tales are well-integrated and intrinsically interesting, but there is lacking a more profound continuity that would have lifted Frau Kaus's technical achievement to a level of rare significance. There is no sense of the passage of time, and the manner in which she has handled the juxtaposition of certain scenes (the emergency operation performed while the masked ball is in full swing will furnish an instance) smacks strongly of the penny-a-line tear-jerker. Yet such things are going on all the time, and in the hands of a more sensitive writer could be made poignant in the extreme.

THE SEA TYRANT. By PETER FREUCHEN. Liveright. 1932. $2.

"Ah, little Allinaluk," said Captain Kellar, "if you could only dream how much I wish to be soft and kind. When I have to fight with men, I grow harder. But when I meet with kindness, I grow kind, too." He found little enough opportunity to grow kind, for in the northern seas he hunted the whale with men almost, but not quite, as hard as himself, and in the course of Mr. Freuchen's violently exciting narrative he killed seven of those men and beat countless of them into insensibility, either with fist or marlinspike.

Here is strong meat for the reader of adventure stories, and a little more into the bargain. Captain Danco Kellar, hard as rocks outside, was soft inside. For two years he pined for his frivolous wife in Boston and his children, rejecting the proferred consolation of the outcast Eskimo girl, Allinaluk. He was in disgrace with his company, his men hated and feared him, but he had a knack of killing whales and his ship made two voyages in seasons when other whalers were lucky to return with a half-load. But aside from the racy narrative of Kellar's almost incredible adventures, the reader will find interesting light on the Eskimo, who appears too rarely in fiction; he will find, in a narrative that is baldly matter of fact and cold-blooded in its recitation of maritime privation and brutality, a brooding sensitivity of treatment and an essential simplicity of design. Allinaluk is worth meeting and Captain Kellar is a thoroughly human and understandable man, even though at times he rises to inhuman stature as a sort of Paul Bunyan of the whale fisheries.

Miscellaneous

A CENTURY OF SCHOLARS: Rhode Island Alpha of Phi Beta Kappa, 1830-1930. Providence. 1932.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society was described by Edward Everett Hale as "one of the queerest things in America." The Society was founded at the College of William and Mary in 1776: Rhode Island *Alpha* was founded in 1830—the seventh chapter to be established. This volume is a record of the anniversary celebration at Brown University on September 27, 1930, and includes the usual addresses and poem, as well as lists of the past and present members.

The volume has been printed by the Merrymount Press—and if all learned societies were as meticulous in their choice of a printer, and all printers as discriminating in their choice of type, our shelves would not groan but rejoice under the weight of each new book. We commend this volume as a sufficiently perfect piece of book printing for an imperfect world.

BLACK ON WHITE. By M. ILIN. Illustrated by N. LAPSHIN. Lippincott. 1932. $1.50.

WHAT TIME IS IT? By M. ILIN. The same.

Books of instruction for children have changed greatly since Jacob Abbott wrote his two hundred books for their enlightenment in the middle of the nineteenth century. His Rollo series, which were very widely read, imparted knowledge principally through conversation between Rollo, a small boy, his uncle, Mr. George, and other members of the family. Abbott says in the preface to "Rollo's Tour in Europe": The books are intended to be books of instruction rather than of mere amusement; and in perusing them the reader may feel assured that all the information which they contain . . . is in most strict accordance with fact."

This method of teaching the child without his realizing it by disguising the instruction in a story, while full of practical good sense, is in direct contrast to the straightforward, frank textbooks "Black On White" and "What Time Is It?," which rely upon the fascination of the subject to instruct and inform the child rather than through subterfuge.

M. Ilin, the author of these two remarkable books, is a young Russian engineer and brother of the famous story-teller, Marschak. He wrote the well known "New Russia's Primer" which described The Five Year Plan for the benefit of Russion school children. These two new books are a part of the Soviet educational plan.

The two noted typographers Beatrice Warde and Stanley Morison, say most aptly of "Black on White": "It is as brilliant a summary of the communication of thought by written and printed word as could well be imagined." Beginning before the development of writing when communication was carried on only by word of mouth, M. Ilin outlines the growth of the first sign language into hieroglyphics. Following with the evolution of the alphabet into our present Roman letters, he then traces their migration throughout the world. This logically leads him into the history of bookmaking from the paper of China and the papyrus of the Egyptians to Gutenberg's printing with moveable type.

The second book, "What Time Is it?," is equally interesting.

Mr. Ilin is simple and direct. He pictures the world without clocks, its uncertainty and its chaos. Then he describes the long, slow process by which man learned to measure and record time: the shadows of the sun; the crowing of a cock; the drip of water; the milk clock of the Pharaohs; the sand glass; the candle; the pendulum; the Nuremberg eggs and the wonderful watches that were hatched from them.

The modern watch is described so clearly that the most inquisitive child could take one apart and put it together again without getting the "oo" before the "cuck"—though probably the diagrams and the accompanying text would save him the unnecessary but exciting labor. In most cases the author, or the translator, has adapted the text to the understanding of the American child, a trip along the Neva is tied up with a trip on any of our rivers (we do not recall any turnstiles on the dock, however); a samovar-clock is explained both in yrint and in picture. But the metric system is used in giving measurements of certain famous and gigantic clocks.

Both books are full of pointed and amusing anecdotes, like that of Itellius and his human books, or the lost expedition on the Mississippi which was traced by Indian picture writing, or of the time that Big Tom of Westminster played a joke and saved a man's life. If the Five Year Plan includes a Five Foot Shelf a most satisfactory two inches have been contributed by Mr. Ilin.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE MAMMALS OF PENNSYLVANIA. By LEO A. LUTTRINGER, JR. Harrisburg, Pa.: The Board of Game Commissioners, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 1931.

The ground-hog, the porcupine, deer, rabbits, weasels, even elk and bear, assume a friendly familiarity with the reader of this excellent bulletin of the Board of Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania. The distinguished governor of the Commonwealth has furnished a foreword to a pamphlet, carefully scientific and pleasantly informal, which will help many machine-age city dwellers to recover the lore of the Indian and the early pioneer.

A mother bear and two playful cubs, in the pen and ink drawing by E. Z. Poole on the cover, suggest that the snow-carpeted woods of that state, wracked as it is by the difficult readjustments of an industrial transition, retain the peace and silence of the forest era. Many camera hunters have contributed their patience to give the illustrations, which show the animals going about their daily affairs of hunting food, rearing young, fighting for life. For ski enthusiasts there is a page of animal tracks, showing how to distinguish the passing fox from the webbed beaver, how to avoid the skunk or the wildcat.

This booklet, combined with the earlier pamphlet describing the Adirondack mammals published by the New York State Museum ("Habits of Adirondack Mammals," by Harper and Fraleigh) and seasoned with Dr. Arthur C. Parker's stories of these same animals, which he learned from his Iroquois elders when he was a boy ("Skunny Wundy and Rumbling Wings") will make a stimulating companion for a vacation in the woods.

THE MOORS IN SPAIN. By *C. Jinarajadasa.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

MASTERS. By *Annie Besant.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

THE BIRTH AND EVOLUTION OF THE SOUL. By *Annie Besant.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

COMMUNITY SINGING. Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

BEAUTIES OF ISLAM. By *Annie Besant.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION. By *Annie Besant.* Adyar, India: Theosophical Publishing House.

John Rathbone Oliver

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Points of View

Aspects of Education

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Henry Adams, in the description of his education, says that he was thirty years old before that education reached Wordsworth. He read a number of the less difficult poets at the age at which today's sophomores read these poets and Wordsworth. But the reading by these modern individuals is inclined to be a final reading. It is done in connection with some course work and is simply an obstacle to be surmounted and not something human to be absorbed or noticed. There is no discrimination, and little sensation that Wordsworth may be worthy of a later reading. In other words, most students of the writer's acquaintance have little conception of study and learning as a "continuous process."

About two years ago I turned to Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." I had been prompted by a chance remark dropped by an older student. Alice was wonderful—delightful. I revelled in this new-found book, adding to my childhood pleasure a genuine appreciation of the book's "grown-up" aspects. About the same time I gave Gulliver's travels a re-reading. The learning process was being continued, and earlier experiences were being clinched for later inspection. It was good to find that by using the same blocks of my childhood I could now build very fine and secure structures. But the reaction of my friends and others questioned about these books was surprising. "Kid's books" was the general characterization, and any attempt to describe "Alice," the new Alice, brought lame promises to have another look at the book, or produced an expression that showed I was heard with silly sympathy.

More recently, I whiled away an ocean crossing by reading "Pickwick Papers." This book was a revelation to me. Dickens had been "killed" by the reading of "A Tale of Two Cities" under the ægis of the state high school requirements. A reference or two in the editorial columns of the London *Times* convinced me that my educational process had advanced to the point where I was ready for Dickens, and the "Pickwick Papers" in particular. I read the book with interest and enjoyment, and in order to share this pleasure I turned to a number of fellow college graduates on the boat. They greeted Mr. Pickwick (and my association with him) with laughter. Their education had long before included Mr. Pickwick and Samivel, and there was little or no chance of their ever turning to him again. This was a striking example of a situation I had sensed and discovered in my conversations with college people. The citing of the book is not important, but it is important that people endowed with active minds cannot and have not felt that their education was a continuing process. They did not see that my reading indicated there was no definite place for any book in literature, or rather in the education of an individual.

HAROLD J. JONAS.

Goshen, N. Y.

Diana and Eros

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Two or three times of late in Human Being, Mr. Morley has spoken rather fondly of the huntress of the old Madison Square Garden. Diana, no less. Now I wonder if in London he ever fell under Picadilly Circus's beloved Eros.

Like Diana, Eros got moved along with Progress. When they put the new Picadilly Tube station in—1927—Eros came down and went into hiding in a Shaftesbury Ave. garret until early this year, but he's back now, so they tell me, inspiring lovers who come up from Lower Regent Street and the Tube below. Won't some one write the history of this trans-Atlantic Graeco-Roman couple?

Sir, it can be made a fascinating tale. Diana trod under foot almost forty years of New York's most colorful history; Eros saw England to and from two wars —at least, and pivoted an empire. Further, I think I speak for hundreds like myself who have known these two children of myth in mad worlds, and who would relish such a history.

LOUIS E. WESTHEIMER.

St. Louis, Mo.

Uncut Pages

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

As a reader of the *Saturday Review* and a large buyer of books, practically all through my own book-seller McClelland and Company of Columbus, Ohio, I have been much interested in the comments from time to time as to what is the matter with the book trade.

When I buy a book I buy it because I want to use it. Because I want to use it, I am therefore not interested in finishing the bookbinder's work, namely, cutting pages or trimming the front edges so the edges will be smooth enough that the book can be thumbed rapidly without taking the time to pick the pages. I have been trying to bring some pressure to bear to the local bookseller when orders are placed that the books should be delivered as I have just specified and I have been met with the interesting reaction from a number of publishers "you can either take it or leave it." It would seem to me that a bookbuyer's strike might have a salutory effect in driving some of the publishers to a more intelligent attitude in dealing with cash patrons.

As the matter now stands, every time I get a book that has rough edges I have to send it out to a local printer where I have a definite arrangement and have a man trained to pull the two covers backward, put the book under the large machine-driven shears and trim the front pages smoothly. This, however, is troublesome and I would not need to resort to this if the book were delivered as a finished product.

SAMUEL S. WYER.

Ironquill

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In the issue of August 13th, on page 47, you reprint a poem "Whist" and credit it to the British journalist "Ironquill."

"Ironquill," to the best of my recollection, was a Kansas newspaper man and his book of poems, in which "Whist" was published, came out about the year 1896. In the same volume, he celebrated the Kansas mule, "undiscouraged, undefunct."

Sincerely yours,
MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Henry T. Tuckerman

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am collecting material for a biography of Henry Theodore Tuckerman (1813-1871), American poet and essayist, and am very anxious to find his diaries, unpublished works, and letters by, to, and about him. If the persons owning or knowing the location of such documents as I have mentioned will communicate with me, I shall be deeply grateful.

(Miss) SYDNEY R. MCLEAN.
4316 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

"The Goose Girl"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I should like to find out if any of your readers know where I could secure a copy of a book called "The Wild Rose of Heather" or "The Goose Girl." This is a book on the lineage of the Von Lehrbach family in Germany. I do not know the name of the author or publisher but do know that such a book has been written.

Any information you may be able to give me will be greatly appreciated.

FRANCES H. SCHAEFER.
21 Lawrence St., Yonkers, N. Y .

The recent heated controversy as to the actual possessor of the oldest edition of the "Breechees Bible," so-called because of the Genesis text, came as a result of the finding of a 1611 edition of the Breechees Bible in the vault of the Winter Memorial Library at the Staten Island Academy at St. George, Staten Island, in the latter part of June. At the present time, a Brooklyn, New York, man has an edition of the Breechees Bible which was published in 1580 by Robert Barker, printer to His Majesty, The King. This copy is believed to be the oldest edition in America today.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed for the summer to MRS. BECKER, 2 Bramerton Street, London, S.W. 3. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

T. J. B. W., New York: I am doing some reading in the Victorian period in England; can you give me further suggestions in the way of biography, fiction, or studies other than these, which I have already on my list: Walker's "Literature of the Victorian Era," Elton's "Survey of Victorian Literature," Chesterton's "Victorian Age in English Literature," McCarthy's "History of Our Times," Ford's "Memories and Impressions," the Parliamentary novels of Trollope, the minor works of Thackeray, G. H. D. Cole's "Cobbett," Strachey's works, Maurois's "Disraeli," and the "Forsyte Saga."

THESE suggestions are for one who, already in possession of the historic facts, wishes to document himself on the distinctive spirit and states of mind of the period. Get your bearings by "England under Victoria," by H. V. Routh, one of a series of excellent little source-books covering great periods from Chaucer on, published here by Harcourt, Brace. In this collection of contemporary extracts you will find statements of faith—Catholic, Calvinist, High Church, Universalist, and Simeonite, with individual credos of Besant, Arnold, and Ruskin; examples of Sunday observance and opinions on Darwin, evidence of the new cult of nature—with a famous passage from "Tess"—political conditions, and social attitudes even to methods of proposing in various grades of society.

Then, having like this inquirer read Strachey's "Queen Victoria" and Maurois's "Disraeli"—if you have not time for Moneypenny and Buckle's monumental life of Beaconsfield—pass to the new biography by Hector Bolitho, "Albert the Good" (Appleton), gentler than Strachey as befits the subject, but in its own way no less searching a study of an inflexible personality and a time that received, however unwillingly, its enduring impress. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's "Tennyson: a Portrait" (Appleton) I cherish not only for the literary part but for its fearsome glimpse of the Laureate's taste in household art. Then treat yourself to two of the best biographies of women that have come out of England: both have come to us within the present season—E. F. Benson's "Charlotte Brontë (Longmans, Green) and "Dorothy Wordsworth," by Caroline Macdonald MacLean (Viking). Miss MacLean's study is one that chokes the throat with conflicting sympathies—sympathies with joys and griefs so poignant they silence the notion that a human stage must be large to hold human drama. You will have country life in this book, and all ideal of sisterly devotion. Most Brontë addicts, given a new book on Currer Bell, go straight to the middle to see how the Brussels episode is handled, reading confidently or otherwise according as it is handled to their approval. In Benson's new biography—for which the large word definitive seems none too large—this can't be done; the reader is caught on the first page—so is young Patrick Brunty of Drumballyroney, County Down—and held by the most satisfactory grip a biographer can exercise, the conviction that here is truth without conjecture (unless expressly so labelled) and as much without bias as human warmth allows. I kept wondering what Jane would have made of the London of today, could she make another of those trips to her publishers, and decided that she would now choose Shaw as the embarrassed object of the same sort of disapproving respect she showed then for Thackeray. Perhaps the fantasy of a second trip to town came the more readily because Rachel Ferguson's amusing eerie novel, "The Brontë's Went to Woolworth" (Dutton), has been lately published. A family who in these depressive days of ours still play at creating imaginary great folk, as the Brontë children did in their "island" days, put themselves unconsciously in such accord with Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell that for a dizzy moment one is almost persuaded that they did get a chance to revisit the glimpses of the moon.

A charming book has just come from the Oxford University Press to make a perfect link between these times and ours in reminiscences of a lady still living: Angela Thirkell, grand-daughter of Burne-Jones, in "Three Houses" makes his home and hers live again with all their charms. One story I cannot forbear quoting: it seems that the artist, heartsick at the sight of his adored grandchild standing in the corner, but too much overawed by Law-and-Order in the person of Nurse, to effect a rescue, provided comfort for a possible future by painting on the wall at this spot a lovely cat and kittens.

In Alan Bott's "This Was England" (Doubleday, Doran) you will have a broad and detailed view of manners and customs, a feature being the admirably chosen contemporary illustrations. I think Esmé Wingfield-Stratton's "Those Earnest Victorians" (Morrow) comes as near as any book to giving the spirit of the time; "Eminent Victorians" is undoubtedly true and certainly necessary, but it is a document of reprisal, however urbane, and the Wingfield-Stratton book, though not suppressing dark subjects, puts in more of the high lights. "Victoriana," by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell (Duckworth), is another collection of nine-day wonders of the time, romantic things firmly believed by people supposed to be so staid, and incredibilia out of the daily papers, much like their preceding "The Sober Truth" (Stokes).

Once begun on memoirs of people at court—"Side-Lights on Queen Victoria," by Sir Frederick Ponsonby (Sears), makes a gossipy beginning—there is almost no end of suitable material. All those elderly Victorians were handy with pen and ink, setting down their daily lives as if convinced—as indeed they firmly were—that none of it could come short of importance to a waiting future. Collin Brooks has made a parody of this type of memoir, "Mock-turtle" (Minton, Balch), in which a Victorian gentleman prattles of Edward VII as Prince of Wales, of Disraeli, Wilde, and Gladstone. "Victorian Working Women," by Wanda Fraiken Neff (Columbia University Press), goes to the other edge of the social frame: it is a sober inquiry into conditions affected not only by dawning feminism but by that general uneasiness of the social conscience by which factory legislation was brought about. As for literary life, Arnold Bennett's character was forming when the old Queen was on the throne, and the "Journal of Arnold Bennett: 1896-1910" (Viking), a major event of the publishing season, has gone to page 112 before he sees "over the heads of a vast crowd" what he can of the funeral procession of which Noel Coward makes such affecting offstage use in "Cavalcade." This journal is endlessly interesting; its only rival—I think a successful one—in entertainment features is Sir William Rothenstein's "Men and Memories," of which the second volume has just come bounding from the press of Coward-McCann. Were it only for its crowd of full-page portraits, by the author, of personages often taken before they were personagable, the book would be a treasure.

Within the year the nineteenth anniversary numbers of *Punch* and of the *Illustrated London News* have appeared, the latter so recently that it is still on some of our newsstands. As both of these abound in pictures taken from early issues, they have high interest as social history. I have gone on record more than once on the value of *Punch* for this purpose, and the chapter in "Books as Windows" (Stokes) on "England under the Forsytes" opens with a tribute to its bound volumes, one year of which I bring home second-hand every summer for steamer-reading on the return trip. In this chapter a rather careful selection is made of novels written in our own time but displaying unusual fidelity in recording Victorian spirit or conditions, the latest in date in this book being Sylvia Townsend Warner's "The True Heart" (Viking), with its completely convincing picture of Victoria as ordinary folk regarded her. To this book I must for lack of space refer the inquirer about fiction: but since it came out, Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Delicate Situation" (Harper) has made the times rise lightly as a mist, with what might be called creative fidelity. For it manages by the same effective methods of indirection to show

(*Continued on page* 84)

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Trade Winds

By W. S. H.—for P. E. G. QUERCUS

[*Poor Old Quercus is happy to protract his vacation by printing these* NOTES ON LOS ANGELES, *from his special correspondent W. S. H.*]

BY the purest chance I found I was domiciled in the headquarters of the book-travellers. At breakfast I spotted the angular visage of Carl Smalley, intent upon the gesticulations of three brother travellers, and a cup of coffee. I sat down. One of them it seemed — the most violent gesticulator — was due to make the rounds that way with his publishers. The others were offering condolences. I was myself curious about the book trade in town; Mr. Smalley consented to lead me around and show me plain, the alluring premises and proprietors of Dawson's, Holmes', Parker's, Zeitlin's, etc. Also the alert guardians of the department store book sections. He advised me, too, when I went to Hollywood, not to miss the stores there. I said I wouldn't (miss them).

The department stores by a recent vote elected to remain open all day Saturday. So it was a Saturday afternoon that my memorable meeting with Miss June Cleveland of Bullock's occurred. Memorable for me, just another visitor for her. At once I received a hearty Western handshake and found myself looking into a frank, pleasant face. With a genuine smile. My terror vanished even though I found I'd been backed into a pile of Bibles with Miss Cleveland straight in front of me, blocking escape. For the next fifteen minutes I listened to what was wrong with the book business and found out it was the publishers. I couldn't think of any good comebacks, preferred to listen anyway (for here was someone really saying something), and grabbed a Bible just to have something to hold on to. It was, I noticed, an Oxford Bible bound in full leather in a choice of colors, red, green, blue, purple, and if you insisted on tradition, black. The price was one dollar. "That's the best value I ever saw in a new book," was my faint note of praise. "Well 3,500 people thought the same thing last Christmas, and bought copies from that same table. It's a steady best seller." I should like to have bought a copy, but I have a Bible. Miss Cleveland invited me to come in again, offered to show me about the city if we could arrange it, and departed to explain to a customer in the stamp department that he really shouldn't tear the corners of the envelopes of the bargain packets, just to peak in. I wish I owned a department store. I'd ask Miss Cleveland to run the book section. All I'd do would be to make a daily call, just to hear her say "Bunk."

Sunday. After breakfast and the newspaper (5 minutes, plenty) I called up Don Marquis, whom I had never met; but I had messages for him from friends in the East. I was awed enough as it was; when I found he lived in the Ritzy Beverly Hills section I almost felt like sending a wire—"Broke both legs, sorry." But Don's voice on the phone reassured me; so elaborate were his directions that I forgot the address and had to call again, feeling very stupid. The Voice was still cordial. A long and glorious ride atop a bus, out Wilshire Boulevard, than a walk of half a mile and I was there. I was Max Beerbohm calling on Swinburne at No. 2, The Pines. I hope Max doesn't see this. Two men were chatting in the sitting room; they arose and in my best possible manner I acknowledged their greeting. No, neither was Don Marquis, he'd be down in a minute. All right, do it all over again. Finally steps, then a pair of great eyebrows, then Don Marquis. A massive, leonine head, securely fixed on heavy shoulders, the Voice, booming a Welcome and nearly blowing me down. We looked at each other. I'm terrible at remembering dog's names; I wish I knew the name of Don's friendly little terrier who finally brought us together. I was afraid of the two men; they seemed so much at ease, so Beverly Hills, that I felt, until Don rescued me, quite flustered.

Don wanted me to see some scenery and I wanted to see it. I sat next to him in his roadster and started calling him "Don." We drove to Santa Monica, then north along the ocean with a sheer rise of rock on our right, we had dinner at the *Uplifters*, a club which had honored both Don and itself by making him an honorary member. Anyway they know what good food is and they were nice to Don's dog. Let him walk right into the dining room, sniffing. After dinner we made for town and the Egan Little Theatre at Fiqueroa and Pico. I like the street names. The drive down Pico Boulevard is just an amateur automobile race. I'd like to know how fast we went but I felt Don needed me for starboard broadside warnings and I didn't chance a glance at the speedometer. Incidentally, all automobile traffic is much faster moving than we are accustomed to in the East. The streets are generously wide, the lights, because of the infrequent crossings, stay with you a long time, and the result is a clear straightaway run of a half mile or more at a time.

One morning I strolled into the J. W. Robinson Co. Now you may dash into Walker's Fifth St. store, or rush into the May Co., but you stroll into Robinson's. It's Los Angeles's B. Altman & Co. Now you have the setting. The book-section is on the main floor, So. Grand Ave. side. The manager, Mr. Phil Kubel, looked as sleek and well groomed as his department, the one influencing the other, I suppose. Mr. Kubel and his assistant, Mr. Erickson, were busy, very busy. They had an author on their hands, and he in turn had a circle of admiring customers on his. The author sat at a table on a raised dais. He was paying the penalty for writing a popular and, in this case, a good book. He signed copy after copy, he smiled, he inclined his head as if listening when a scrambled sentence bespoke his attention, he adjusted his pen, he mopped his brow. He dared to show, in the "Climatic Capitol of the World," that he was hot. And so, for two hours Max Miller autographed copies of "I Cover the Waterfront." I didn't wait that long but advanced into the first breach I found, to cover him. Max apologized for not having been in San Diego to meet me on the *Pennsylvania*—a graceful opening to an utter stranger and an indication of the reason for Max's success as a ship-news reporter. In a port too, where not too many ships call. I'm sorry he didn't board the *Pennsylvania*—I'd like to have watched his technique, to have seen him in action.

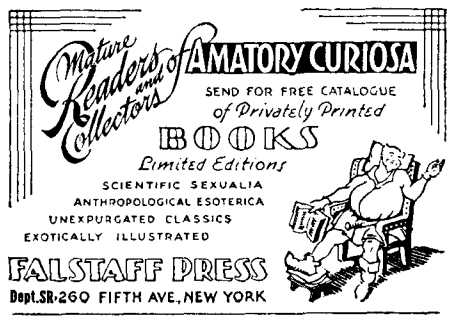
I've wandered a bit from Robinson's proper—but they shouldn't have had such a diverting person as Max holding forth. Why even at that I haven't mentioned the suit he wore, the robins-egg-blue suit. Fashioned at Balboa Park probably, to match his robin's-egg-blue eyes.

This book-signing business is a regular function at Robinson's. One author who went over big was Mr. Gin Chow. In three February days he signed in characters, some 4,000 copies of his "First Annual Almanac." An almanac bristling with predictions. I wish I'd checked up on some of them but after all what's the difference? The books won't come back.

Parker's Book Store is No. 520 West 6th Street. Books only, and new books only, are sold. No magazines, no stationery, no stamp collections. Mr. Parker, having started his book store in 1895 is easily the dean of the Los Angeles booksellers. He was pleased to tell me stories of the city's vast growth; I was pleased to listen. I left his hospitable shop almost a Californian. But they don't need me. The population of Los Angeles is one and a quarter million.

A newer shop is Jake Zeitlin's on West Sixth Street. Jake arrived in Los Angeles seven years ago, with lots of ambition and no money. Like most of the present inhabitants he came from the Middle West. (Someone had better start a Back to the Middle West Movement; there won't be anyone left there). Jake knew somebody with influence and he landed a job as bus-boy in a cafeteria. His resignation was requested shortly after for general incompetence and breaking too many plates. Next, under the spell of California scenery he became landscape gardener in charge of a lawn-mower. He wasn't a good mower. He wandered into Bullock's and June Cleveland gave him a job; like most incompetent people he liked books. Anyway under the strong, steady gaze of Miss Cleveland he learned how to sell books and four years ago he opened his own shop. I had, previous to this visit, never met him but his well printed, schoarly catalogues made us acquainted by post. Jake sells new and old books, specializing in first editions, fine printing, autograph letters, etc. W. S. H.

In 1929 Carl Sandburg wrote an introduction to a slender book of verse—"For Whispers and Chants" (mostly about love, I think) Grabhorn printed it. Jake Zeitlin is the author. Now he's married.



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SIX-MONTHS' cruise square-rigged 1100-ton sailing ship from Boston, November 5th. Early winter in Mediterranean. Thence several stops down west African coast to Capetown. Returning via St. Helena. Cost $550. No women. Experienced officers. Members party assist full crew professional sailors. S. T. Henry, Spruce Pine, N. C.

WILL Saturday Reviewers—who are materially assisting at the debut of "Puppets in Yorkshire" by Walter Wilkinson (We had to send post-haste to England for another edition!)—write and *tell* us they liked it (if they did)? We're bringing out late this fall "The Peepshow," an earlier book of Mr. Wilkinson's, equally delightful—but not the kind of book the great masses will buy, more's the tragedy! So we'd like to *hear* from the Wilkinson public, please, to help us estimate the size of the first edition. . . . Apropos of "Puppets in Yorkshire" one *Herald Tribune* Reviewer says: "Great writers from Chaucer to Stevenson have prepared an audience for this book. When Mr. Wilkinson feels even in crowded London the lure of the country roads, his readers are with him ready for freedom, adventures and the touch of the good earth. . . . If Emily Dickinson's definition of poetry is valid, this book is poetry. It gives one those quivers of excitement, bringing with it at the same time an all-engulfing peace and certainty." Ask your bookseller to show you "Puppets in Yorkshire"—($2.00)—or if he can't, write us. FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, 443 Fourth Ave., New York.

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"DEAR DOCTOR ROSENBACH: Please name the friendly enemy who suggested your Faerie Queene and the eminent British scholar who sold it. Perhaps I can reveal why the former changed color when he knew you had bought it. George Frisbee."

I AM interested in letters, memoirs, or other primary material dealing with the life of William Walker (1824-1860), American adventurer and filibuster. Richard G. Lillard, 2450 Marshall Way, Sacramento, California.

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The AMEN CORNER

"Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits—".[1]

We are torn two ways; on one side the plenteous store of the Oxford Fall List and on the other several of our favorite titles among the recent books which we have not yet had space to tell you about.

First there is that very important book *The Crisis in the World's Monetary System,*[2] by Gustav Cassel. Dr. Cassel is a man of world-wide reputation. By birth he is a Swede. In 1921 he was called upon by the League of Nations to give his opinion on world currency problems, and in 1922 was a member of the Committee of Experts at the Geneva Conference. Later he was called in by the U. S. Committee on currency and finance to give evidence on the stabilization of the dollar. He has published many works on Economics and Monetary Problems. Dr. Cassel long ago predicted the present crisis, and was one of the few economists to do so. In this volume he submits the international situation to detailed analysis, says clearly what, in his opinion, the root trouble of the world is, and ends by outlining the necessary action for recovery. Most important of all, he does this with a lucidity that makes a difficult subject comprehensible by laymen. Briefly, Dr. Cassel believes the crisis to be due entirely to the cornering of gold by certain countries who, by their action, have ruined it as a stable standard of international value. This cornering is due to the insistence upon the payment of war debts and the refusal to admit payment in commodities.

Then there is *Mary Wollstonecraft,* by H. R. James,[3] which, says the *New York Times,* "presents her for the first time so human, so warm and lovable in all the relations of life, so endowed with gifts of the emotional nature as rich as were those of the intellect, so unstinted in her outgiving of herself, that she emerges more alive, perhaps, than from the pages of any of her other biographers." Mary Wollstonecraft was born in 1759 and died in 1797. She may be described as founder of the movement to secure women's rights, but before she wrote "A Vindication of the Rights of Women" in 1791, she had written "A Vindication of the Rights of Man," in defence of the French Revolution against Edmund Burke. Her story was a chequered one. She was one of a family of six children with a brute of a father, and for many years she supported herself and helped her family by taking work as a governess, and by writing.

She was to live with Gilbert Imlay as his mistress, and to attempt suicide when he deserted her, and she was to marry William Godwin only five months before their child was born; it is, therefore, part of the extreme interest of her story that she should have been a woman of whom Alice Meynell, a Roman Catholic, could say—"Her life had been as clean of thought as a nun's life"; and militant radical as she was, and married to a tiresome radical philosopher, she was, nevertheless, the woman of whom Mr. Middleton Murry[4] has said:

"The one hope of rehabilitation we see for Godwin is in a growing awareness of the charm and genius of Mary Wollstonecraft. When the vogue of 'frail' eighteenth-century ladies has subsided, one of the loveliest and bravest of Englishwomen may come to her own; and then a little of her glory may be shed upon the man with whom she found her peace and rest."

She died in giving birth to William Godwin's daughter, who became Shelley's wife after his first (deserted) wife had committed suicide.

Mary Wollstonecraft lived in an atmosphere of family unhappiness. This short story of her life, which is more interesting than many novels, shows her to have been a singularly noble woman. Of the five illustrations in the book, one of them is a portrait of Mary Wolstonecraft in color.

If you delight in intellectual exercise, be sure to get Paul Valéry's *Eupalinos*[5]; translated by W. McCausland Stewart, and if you are a student of poetry or of criticism or of literature in general, don't fail to read Charles Williams's *The English Poetic Mind.*[6] It is a work of genius.

THE OXONIAN.

P. S. Have you tried the puzzles in *Pattern and Patchwork,* A Book of Cross-Word Puzzles, by H. G. Le Mesurier[7]?

(1) *Spenser's Poetical Works,* $1.50, in the *Oxford Standard Authors.* Write for complete list. 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) $1.25. (3) $2.50. (4) *Countries of the Mind.* 1st and 2nd Series. $3.00 each. (5) $2.75. (6) $2.50. (7) $1.25.

Write for the Oxford Fall List.

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE hear that *Robert Cortes Holliday* is on the way to completing a new book, which we take as very good news indeed. Robert has been slightly out of the public eye as an author of late, and we are glad to know that he is to reappear. He has been doing a lot to help other people master the art of writing and market their work, but we have consequently missed more "Broome Street Straws," "Walking-Stick Papers," and delightful essays of that ilk. Maybe his new book isn't essays. We don't know. But Bob will also be remembered for his book on *Booth Tarkington* and his Memoir for the Collected Works of the late *Joyce Kilmer,* whose intimate friend he was. . . .

Scribners are just publishing a new edition of *Clarence Darrow's* idyll of American boyhood, "Farmington." Says Mr. Darrow, "I have a considerable file of letters running over more than a quarter of a century that convinces me, at least, that this early effort pleased some readers. It seems to me, too, that these letters have come from the highest judges of 'literary art'—whatever that is." So, Farmington fans, rally round! . . .

Conforming to a prophecy of *Mencken's,* it is true that creative literature has begun to emerge from the advertising agencies. The Century Company calls our attention to the fact that *Phil Stong,* author of "State Fair" (in the picture of which *Will Rogers* and *Janet Gaynor* are to co-star), left the firm of Young & Rubicam after the success of his novel; and *LeRoy MacLeod,* whose "Three Steeples" was highly praised two years ago, has deserted his own agency of Waters & MacLeod of Los Angeles to pursue the Muse. Mr. MacLeod's second novel, "The Years of Peace," is the Book League of America's choice for September. . . .

The truth concerning what *Greta Garbo* read on her voyage home to Sweden on the *S.S. Gripsholm* has now been broadcast. It was *James Truslow Adams's* "The Epic of America." . . .

A relative writes us from England of staying at the Bell Hotel in Tewksbury where *Miss Mulock* wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman." *Mr. Pickwick* stayed at "the Hop Pole" in the next street. Miss Mulock's tablet is in Tewksbury Abbey; and at Worcester Cathedral there is a tablet to *Mrs. Wood,* the author of "East Lynn." As our relative had been revelling in the glories of Worcester, Tewksbury, and Gloucester, she naturally addressed us as "Dear Feathered Fan Vaulting," and her first inquiry was, "Are you 'perpendicular' or 'decorated'?" . . .

Madeleine Boyd, the well-known literary agent, is bringing out an anthology of young poets, to be ready about November 15th. It will be published by the Centaur Press in Philadelphia. Manuscripts are still being considered, and Madeleine's address is 48 East 49th Street. . . .

E. S. P. writes from Evanston, Illinois:

Your WARM WEATHER ADVICE reminds me that during the recent sweltering days we found people in general divided into two camps, both argumentative and missionizing. These camps comprise: (1) hot tea drinkers; (2) iced tea drinkers. Both combat the same enemy, warmth; each claims the one true method to oppose heat without by heat within. It occurs to us that the first method applies as well to reading ration for hot weather. We guarantee as counter-irritants against high temperature, Willa Cather's "My Ántonia," hot days in Nebraska at its rainless worst; Kipling's "William the Conqueror," heat plus dust and cholera; and the opening chapters of "The Magician," by Somerset Maugham, in which a dusty road quivers under a blazing sky, and abnormal heat removes all resistance in the reader toward the super-natural monster that creeps in to make a horror story. . . .

And with a partial copy of *The Connecticut Courant* for Monday, January 13, 1794, comes this communication from that connoisseur of unique volumes, *Wilbur Macey Stone,* of Park Row this City:

With a couple of old almanacs received recently was the enclosed copy *The Connecticut Courant,* issued nearly 140 years ago.

It is interesting. On page 1 is a letter from inter alia—*Jonathan Edwards.* On page 2 is a request from France that the United States pay its *war debts* to France. The situation is now reversed, *but* still, *war debts!* On page 3 under most modest headlines are epoch making bits of history, hot from the griddle. (The trial and execution of Marie Antoinette!) On page 4, col. 1, in screaming type, a church lottery authorized by the state. The churches are still at it, *vide* today's *Herald Tribune,* enclosed. But now church lotteries are "bad form" as well as illegal. But we humans are confirmed gamblers, legal or illegal though it be!

Jabez and *M. Sill,* p. 4, col. 2, 2nd item, were surely long suffering—and patient (trying to collect accounts of twelve months standing! *Vide:* Depression.) But—dig out the other gems for yourself! . . .

And from The Belfry, Falmouth, Massachusetts, *Arthur W. Bell* is minded to send us the appended "as a sort of hands across the Cape greeting," because we mentioned several weeks ago that we were bound Yarmouthward. "The rhyme," he says, "may have some slight interest for a recent Cape Dweller. It represents a midsummer scratching of my own!"

SUMMER VISITATIONS ON THE CAPE

A creeping, crawling, clinging crowd,
Components of a flying cloud,
Which buzz and hum and stab and sting
Thou art my theme, of thee I sing.
The midge, a microscopic fly,
In size almost an alibi,
Is quite a firebug all the same
To set our cuticle aflame.
Throughout our Cape the pine and oak
Have suffered much from insect folk
Since borers bite off more than grew,
And even more than they can chew.
We all financed "Mosquito Control,"
They have it still, upon my soul,
And cause us each to burn an itch,
Contesting same to the last ditch.
Like clustered swollen evil grapes
The wood-tick, wire-haired doggie drapes
And in his hair, deep hidden, bide
Extracted only with some hide.
Deer-flies, less timid than their name
Have proved themselves, alas, too tame;
This intimate familiar brand
Alight to eat from out the hand.
Our forests, stripped by fire and horde
Of gypsies, cannot be restored;
Quite ruined is our scenery
Since moths have gypped our greenery.

Re the author of "Thirteen Men," which people are *still telling us is a great book,* though we couldn't "see" it in MS., Liveright, Inc. informs us:

In the lexicon of the theatre, *three-sheet* is a noun and a verb. As a noun it is the name of that particular size of poster which accommodates one life-size human figure; it is called "three" sheet because the lithographer gives it to the bill-poster in three pieces. The verb, to *three-sheet,* means to strike heroic attitudes, to strut, to give the best camera angles to an assumed audience. Three-sheet, in the mind of *Tiffany Thayer,* is almost synonymous with "sham." Three-sheet, to him, is the soul of the theatre. And *"Three-Sheet"* is the name of Tiffany Thayer's new novel, which will be published on September 2nd, in which for background he draws upon his own first-hand knowledge of small-time, one-night-stand show business, a phase of life in the United States which has now entirely disappeared.

Finally, we shall close this week with an anonymous

INVITATION TO VOYAGE

I yearn for noise abatements;
Gin throws me for a loss,
And cheques returned with statements
Of insufficient dross;
Weary of those who wittily
Cumber the world at home,—
Ah God, to fly, to fly to Italy,
Italy over the foam!

With taxis squawking, bugling,
I honestly am through,—
And all the honeyfugling
Of politicians too!
While bad debts put the damper
On plans that once were plain,—
Haul out the dear old leathern hamper
And let us leave for Spain!

Now bargains dazzle daily,
But none have mon. to buy,
O waly, willow waly,
Is my continual cry.
Beset with petty tyrannies,
By dubious tears made blind,—
Well then—well, how about the Pyrenees?
Come on, come on, make up your mind!

Let's scrape together shekels
And in the dead of night
Turn Hydes that once were Jekylls
In swift, nefarious flight,—
Nor dare wax apprehensive
Of what we'll have to pay!
It's honestly much more expensive
To hang around at home this way!

THE PHOENICIAN.

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from page* 82)

how gentlefolk handled matters nobody was supposed to know anything about. Miss Martin may have had her moments of agonized self-question—"The situation was delicate, it was difficult, but we have made it harder"—but watching it work out in the tragic problem of Mary Paradise, one wonders if anything more considerate of unauthorized romance has since been worked out by intellectual nudists. There was infinite gentility in that "policy of the ostrich" the bustling vicar found "one I have never been able to adopt."

One more book—or rather, one chapter in "Life among the Low-Brows," by Eleanor Rowland Wembridge (Houghton Mifflin), one of the wittiest and warmest-hearted books a wise woman ever wrote about fools. She found her material in helping young morons in and out of the Juvenile Court of Cuyahoga county, Ohio, and in the chapter "Victoria Knew Her Morons" shows with comical desperation how the "mittened clutch" of the Queen's ethical system would be the only social agency that could keep them reasonably safe from society and themselves. And it was in a book about the historic coins of England, by the numimatist and historian Charles Oman—"The Coinage of England" (Oxford University Press: 1931)—that I came upon the interesting question why it was hard to find in Victoria's reign achievements military, scientific, or social, of which the nation was so proud as to cause coins to be struck? Now that's a thought on history, coming from a specialist.

"YOUR 'footprinter' in the Readers' Guide," says *A. G. D., Stanford University, Calif.,* "might like to look over some of the following items: 'The Queer Feet' and 'The Invisible Man' from Chesterton's 'Innocence of Father Brown'; Gouverneur Morris's wild tale, 'The Footprint,' in the volume of that name; W. D. Steele's short story, 'Footfalls,' which deals with the audible sort; and Anthony Wynne's 'Footsteps,' in 'Sinners Go Secretly.' One of Hawthorne's 'Twice-Told-Tales' is called 'Footprints on the Seashore.' And by all means the club should have on its shelves Cabell's 'Silver Stallion,' with its delightful account of 'The Candid Footprint.'"

"APROPOS of the Lowensköld correction in the *Saturday Review* of June 11th, says *W. J. H., Gary, Ind.,* in "devoted appreciation of your guidance," "don't let the Scandinavian-American Monitor tease you into deciding that the Swedish *sk* must always be pronounced as *sh.* The Swedish *K* is as fickle as the Italian *G* and in just about the same company. *Sk* is not pronounced as *sh* in *skold.* You have a perfect right to scold there. It is only in skö ld that it is correctly sounded as *sh.*

"In other words, the backbone of the hardest boiled *K* bows when it it followed by the lady vowels *I, E, Y.,* or in deference to an umlaut of gentility worn by a following *Ä* or *Ö.* Note, however, that while *K* softens before *Ä* he defers not a whit before *Å.*

"You get both temperaments of the gentleman by translating our 'church' into their 'kyrka' which looks so much more like the Scotch 'kirk' but is pronounced, a phonological compromise—"chirka."

J. J., New York (and those are important initials) asks:

Can you, with your extraordinary information, help me to find the origin of both the word "ouija" and the device? All I know is that it was a modification of the planchette the heyday of which was in the '60's and '70's. I hope somebody has recorded the several waves of "ouija."

Alas, that extraordinary information folds up like an Arab on this subject. I have often wondered *why* ouija—called in our remoter districts weedgy—and now is the chance for me to find out, with the help of this department.

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